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The Week

BRIAND'S conference with Stresemann at Thoiry was a happy idea indeed. He has long wanted to proceed with conciliation. What chiefly stood in the way, as far as Germany was concerned, was the unsettled future of the valuable Saar mining regions, to be decided by a coming plebiscite, the possession of Eupen and Malmedy by Belgium, and the Allied military occupation in the Rhineland, which under the treaty is to be gradually withdrawn, but which the Germans fear the French nationalists may find some excuse for continuing indefinitely. What stood in the way on the side of France was the nationalistic opposition of Poincaré, Tardieu and others, coupled with the difficulties of the French treasury which it was hoped could be lightened by the receipt of reparations. To induce the French nationalists to give up drastic enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles has been one of the chief objectives of European pacifiers. Now the turn of events has brought Briand as foreign minister into the same cabinet with these extremists. They have come into power, not on the basis of their foreign policy, but in order to save the franc. That is Briand's opportunity. He has apparently offered Germany what she wanted, and has obtained in payment a promise of assistance in saving the currency, which he can dangle before the eyes of the nationalists. If $500,000,000 worth of German railroad securities can be marketed and the proceeds applied to retiring part of the French internal debt, the burden on the treasury will be appreciably lightened.

AMERICA is intimately concerned in M. Briand's project, since a large part of the German railway shares must be sold here, if they are to be marketed at all. Hints have frequently been conveyed in the past that when the difficulty of making transfer of German reparations arises, the Allies will be paid by money from America—the technical transaction consisting of the sale in this country of German railway securities and the payment to France, Belgium, Britain and the others of the proceeds in dollars. This expedient would pay off the Allies and leave us the job of collecting from Germany a principal and interest amounting to the sum of reparations which the Allies had found it impossible or embarrassing to collect. Much as we sympathize with M. Briand's aims, therefore, we distrust the means of their execution. American purchase of German railway shares would not furnish to the Germans the capital service or the increase in productive capacity for which interest or dividends are usually paid. We should be drawing heavily on the German national income for no service whatever rendered by us to Germany. The quid pro quo, such as it is, would be rendered by France in withdrawing from an aggressively militaristic attitude impossible and unwise for her to maintain long in any case. And the money would go to a treasury which has not yet proved its ability to balance its current expenses with its current receipts, and which might not permanently derive benefit. Why should good capital be used to pay bribes necessitated by European militarism? There are better uses for it than that. We should much prefer to see the Poincaré government liquidate its own diplomatic and financial bankruptcies.

THE difficulty of collecting reparations outlined in Mr. John Maynard Keynes's article in this week's New Republic should cause long hesitation in approving any project for selling German securities in America without a corresponding increase in Ger-

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many's productive facilities. It is true, as we have often pointed out, that Germany has in the past been able to pay as much as she has, largely because America has lent her the money with which to do so. There is a strong chance that she will be unable to make greater payments in the future unless we increase our loans to her. This adds a further touch of the fantastic to Briand's proposal. Having bought the railroad securities in order to furnish funds with which France is to be paid for making wise and necessary concessions, we should then probably have to lend funds to Germany with which to pay us the return on our "investment." America, having already got herself into a position where she will have to sacrifice a large part of the loans extended for prosecution of the War, will now, unless she is careful, be inveigled into sinking further money in payment for cancelation of some of its unfortunate consequences.

THE Chinese situation is daily growing more serious. Despite the indifference of the American public to what is happening there the United States is directly and most seriously concerned, and through our present policy, or lack of one, we are drifting toward a catastrophe which may cost us dear. The outstanding fact in China today is the growing power and prestige of the Canton government. It has defeated Wu Pei-fu in an important engagement, and is pushing northward. Wu's troops are deserting in large numbers and his allies are falling away. The Canton government, like the mass of the Chinese people today, is anti-foreign, and particularly anti-British, and with good reason. The terrible British action a week ago in shelling Wanhsien, killing and wounding hundreds of helpless men, women and children—a Japanese report put the casualties at 5000—was an act of cold-blooded brutality deserving to rank with Amritsar. It was only one of an almost endless series of episodes in which Great Britain and other western powers have taken it for granted that the Chinese have no rights in their own country and must be treated with schrecklichkeit in order to "keep the beggars under."

THERE was a time when the United States had a special policy of its own toward China. We claimed, and with some reason, to deserve the friendship of the Chinese people more than the other powers, because of our less imperialistic attitude. Today it is impossible any longer to look at the facts and say that this is true. The chief preoccupation of the British in China is to get us to stand shoulder to shoulder with them, and to a large and increasing extent they are succeeding. American gunboats are found far up the Chinese rivers as are the British—the only shadow of legal authority for this presence being a clause in a Sino-British treaty of 1858, which says British vessels of war "coming for no hostile purpose" shall be permitted. If the shelling of Wanhsien was not "hostile," what would be? American ships within the past week have exchanged shots with Chinese snipers and a major engagement is a possibility at any moment. The excuse for our conduct of course is that our vessels must be there to give protection to American missionaries and business men. These need protection because of anti-foreign feeling which has been created by provocative acts on the part of white men in the past, of which the sending of warships is one of the worst. There was never a circle more vicious, or more likely to bring about results which every decent American citizen must deplore.

THE newspapers during the past week have been confronted by an avalanche of important news the like of which has not been seen since the end of the War. First comes the terrible Florida catastrophe, not quite so appalling in its loss of life as the first accounts indicated but still second in our history only to the great Galveston flood, and perhaps to the San Francisco earthquake and fire. In Mexico we have had the Rosenthal murder and the subsequent shooting of thirteen of the robber band which had held him for ransom. Indictments have at last been returned in the Hall-Mills case, one of the most notorious murder mysteries in the annals of crime in America. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Aimee Semple McPherson, Los Angeles evangelist, as the aftermath of her famous disappearance. Al Smith of New York will run again for Governor; the Canadian government which was ousted in July because of a series of gross customs scandals has been returned to power by the voters who seem to feel about corruption as our own Republicans did in 1924; the reorganization of the League Council has gone through and the U. S. Shipping Board has decided to sell (at bargain rates you may be sure) twenty-eight million dollars' worth of ocean liners. On the whole, we are glad not to have filled a news editor's shoes, these past few days!

IT would be highly desirable if some power existed in the United States entitled to forbid the resort of the American Legion to Paris in 1927. This congress might and should strengthen the international bond between the French and the American people. We have grave fears that it will have an opposite effect. It is true that the Legion will bring foreign money to Paris, and opportunity for rhetorical displays which, like "Lafayette, we are here," might as well remain in the region of mythology. On the other hand it may be doubted whether the French people are in a mood to let the profits of the class which caters to foreigners, or even the exuberance of military oratory, wipe from their minds the bitterness which has been slowly gathering on the part of a nation which lost the War, against the nation which won it. Should the French at that

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time be subjected to the spectacle of the franc fluctuating from day to day according to the chances of a plan of settlement of the debt to the United States their state of mind will not be tolerant of the behavior which we may expect of the Legion. What that behavior may be we may judge from that of the ordinary American tourist supported merely by the prestige of a Cook's party, and from that of the Legion at its gatherings in this country, notably that at Kansas City. The one circumstance which might afford security against a repetition of such scenes, the election of General Pershing as Commander of the Legion, has been definitely waived. The Legion wants a buck private in that high office. General Pershing might have had authority and prestige enough to control the situation, as Macnider and Quinn had not. The only power which can prevent the Legion from going to Paris is the influence of its wiser heads. We are glad to see that the Legion in Missouri has passed resolutions opposing the invasion.

A SOUTH Pacific Trade Conference opened in Tokyo on September 11, and in connection with it the Japanese government confirmed reports of its new emigration policy. It now discountenances Japanese emigration to those countries which have indicated that they do not want Oriental settlers. As an offset, the government will give all possible aid to those wishing to settle on Yezo and the other islands of the almost uninhabited northern Hokkaido group, or in Formosa. Neither of these is a particularly desirable place for the Japanese people: Formosa is too hot, and Yezo, like Sakhalin, is too cold. However, these are of course not the only places still open to the Japanese. Manchuria and Siberia, while climatically unprepossessing, are economically attractive, and in the western hemisphere Brazil, Mexico and to some extent Chile have in the past welcomed the Japanese. It may be that the government has at last discovered the great truth which Mussolini refuses to learn: that overpopulation can never be relieved by emigration, since the same conditions which created a surplus once will certainly do so again. A more probable explanation, however, is that Japan has decided that the friendship of the Australian, Canadian and American people is too important to be imperiled by tolerating any more efforts to smuggle unwanted emigrants into those countries.

THE Quakers have been obnoxious to the normal 100 percent sentiment of this country since the days when they were flogged out of Massachusetts Bay Colony. It is comforting to know that at last measures have been taken to restrict their increase to such as can be produced by the natural process and by proselytizing. The American Civil Liberties Union reports the case of Mary King, a Quaker, who came to the United States from Ireland, and applied for citizenship. She appeared before Judge Wolverton, of Portland, Oregon, and was asked by the learned jurist: "If you were a man and the Japanese invaded America, would you bear arms?" On receiving the obvious answer he denied her petition for naturalization.

THE Manchester Guardian, leading liberal newspaper of England and one of the best daily journals in the world, has followed an unworthy American example by establishing a company union of its employes to take the place of their existing trade union affiliations. The occasion of this action was the interruption of publication incident to the general strike—a conflict which the paper assumes arbitrarily was outside the realm of interests and control of its organized employes. The objectives as stated are worthy enough—to bring the various crafts within one organization and to prevent strikes. The means adopted tend, however, in spite of the paper's protestations to the contrary, to weaken the power and progress of organized labor, and are often deliberately used for that end in the United States, where the company union has flourished most widely. First to separate the employes of a given concern from the national organizations of labor, then to obligate them never to strike, is to cut away the very foundations of unionism, no matter how good the wages and conditions in fact granted. If industrial peace and genuine coöperation are to be furthered, the wrong way to begin is for the employer to be in a position to dictate in any way the nature and practices of labor's organization. An autonomous union may adopt the industrial form of organization, it may sign a limited arbitration agreement, it may coöperate for efficiency. But any "union" dependent in the last analysis on the employer's good will is not a union at all; it is founded in deceit and will break under the test. Furthermore it is not suited to play the part which must be played by representative workers' organizations in solving the problems of industry.

A FEW weeks ago the New Republic suggested the desirability of having a scheme established whereby paintings could be rented to the public at low prices and for brief periods of time. Such a plan would enable persons who do not feel they can afford to buy pictures to enjoy contemporary works in a manner not possible by visiting galleries; painters would enjoy some revenue from pictures as yet unsold; and in many cases renters would become attached to a work of art after this, so to speak, trial marriage, and would purchase it. We are now in receipt of additional information regarding the Chicago Galleries Association, referred to in a letter from J. Spencer Dickerson in our issue of September 1, as having anticipated this suggestion in some respects. The Association is a non-profit organization with 150 artist members and a large group of lay subscribers. The latter

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pay $12 a year and for that sum may withdraw from the Galleries one picture or piece of statuary every thirty or sixty days. All of these are for sale, the maximum price at present permitted being $300. The plan is reported to be working well in all respects. We wait hopefully for Chicago's excellent example to be followed in other cities.

Testing America's Good Faith

AN ingenious proposal came out of Geneva last week, as the answer of the other World Court powers to the American Senate's reservations. It was a compromise, and like all such things, wholly satisfactory to nobody. President Coolidge has already announced that it is unacceptable to America; but the Senate, as the author of the reservations, will have something to say as to that, and we can safely afford to wait and see.

What is the Geneva compromise? The committee of fourteen experts, representing the conference of the World Court powers, advises the acceptance of all the reservations attached by the United States Senate to the American adherence, including the troublesome fifth one. But the committee recommends that these nations in turn attach a reservation of their own. It has repeatedly been said, by Senators Walsh, Swanson and others, that by our reservations we are demanding nothing more than equality with the other nations represented on the League Council. Very well, say the Geneva nations: we accept this view and agree to the fifth reservation *on that basis only*. It now remains for the United States to say whether Senators Walsh and Swanson have been right, or whether as President Coolidge now (and for the first time) insists, what we want is in fact an arbitrary power of veto over the actions of the World Court very much more drastic than any other nation possesses—whether this fifth reservation was intended to put us on an equality or to make our position impossibly superior in the hope thus of hamstringing the project for American participation.

The fifth reservation, as our readers will remember, is the one which says that the Court shall not,

> without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

Advisory opinions are asked of the World Court by the League Council. Under Article 5 of the Covenant, votes in the Council must be unanimous except those dealing with "matters of procedure," "including the appointment of Committees to investigate particular matters." These

> may be decided by a majority of the members of the League represented at the meeting.

Does a request to the Court for an advisory opinion require a unanimous vote or a majority? At present nobody knows. Yet the point is obviously of great importance, as far as America's fifth reservation is concerned. If a unanimous vote is needed, every member of the Council already possesses a power of veto which, legally at least, is equal to that of the United States. If voting is by majority, this country is asking a right which no other power possesses.

The adroit Committee of Fourteen takes it for granted that we are assuming decisions must be unanimous. On that basis, it agrees that we shall have the same power possessed by the Council members. But if it turns out, when the legal point has been finally interpreted—perhaps by the World Court itself—that a majority vote is sufficient to obtain from the Court an advisory opinion, then the claim of the United States to an absolute veto is rejected. We may then have our one vote, like the other nations. The protestations of our Senators that we want only equality have, in fact, been taken as meaning exactly what they say.

Two other points need to be borne in mind in considering our status. The first is that even if technically we should be on a footing of equality with other nations, actually we should be in a superior position. For we need take no part in the League debate. Our statesmen would not be under the necessity of trying to make a reasonable case, or any case. We should not have to act, as the Council may, on an advisory opinion after it has been given.

The second point reveals in an interesting fashion the attitude of mind prevalent among the diplomats who have had long experience at Geneva. The fifth reservation not only gives the United States a veto when an advisory opinion is proposed in a case where we are in fact involved, but in any as to which we *claim* an interest. In other words, we are to be the sole judges as to whether we have a right to interfere. Theoretically, this gives us a final power so autocratic and irresponsible that it seems impossible of acceptance. We learn from reliable private correspondents that this was in fact the interpretation made by some members of the passionately pro-League group of Americans at Geneva. They wanted the Senate's adherence rejected on the ground that it represented an impossible degree of selfish nationalism. Not so, however, the League-trained diplomats of the other powers. They took it for granted that, whatever the technical wording, the United States will be morally committed not to interfere unless we are in fact concerned, and that this moral commitment will be strong enough to be relied upon. This is a remarkable demonstration of confidence—on the part of a group of men who have the right, if anybody in the world has it, to be cynical and disillusioned—that the United States will act its part on the stage of world affairs in the honorable spirit

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which ought to be expected from a great nation (even though history shows that such a spirit has been, in all times and places, sadly lacking).

Unless something goes wrong, the decision of the Committee of Fourteen should have been accepted by the Conference before these lines appear in print. There will be no joint action: in order not to offend the tender feelings of our almost morbidly sensitive State Department, the forty-seven nations in the Court will send forty-seven identical but separate replies to Washington. Thereafter it will remain for our government to accept or reject the new reservation made by the Committee of Fourteen and reveal whether, as President Coolidge's latest statement seems to imply, the United States is in fact seeking to sabotage an important aspect of the work of the World Court or is willing to bear its fair share of the burden in bringing about the new international order in which we may some day hope to see law substituted for war.

"Hand to Mouth" Buying

NEW views of what constitutes prosperity have been rapidly permeating the business world during the last five years, and in nothing does this show so clearly as in the recent comments of Mr. W. R. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Company and others in praise of "hand to mouth" buying. The steel industry in particular used to consider itself fortunate when a large total of advance orders for its product was piled up, and unfortunate when unfilled orders fell. There was apparently good reason for this attitude; unfilled orders seemed to mean plenty of activity for a long time ahead, while a decrease in contracts on the books indicated that production was catching up with demand and would soon pass it. By this indicator not only steel but many other industries laid their future plans. Recently, however, this barometer has become less sensitive. Though demand for steel has continued heavy and production large, there has been no corresponding growth of forward orders. Buyers are giving up the habit of placing their contracts a long way in advance of their requirements, and are ordering only what they need for prompt delivery.

Why is this a change for the better? At first blush it would seem to rob the manufacturer of ability to look ahead. What it really does, or should do, however, is to enable him to read the future more accurately by depriving him of false assurances. The practice of ordering far in advance was largely a speculative one—even if it was not recognized as such by all those who employed it. When prices were rising, when production capacity was taxed, when deliveries were delayed, those who were likely to be able to use materials would make their purchases ahead of time in order to profit on a rising market, and in order to be sure of obtaining what they needed. Often, in the belief that business would keep on expanding at the existing rate, they would order much more than they could be certain of selling. Sometimes they would place with different concerns several orders for identical requirements, expecting to cancel the duplicates on the first delivery. The result was a piling up of advance orders beyond the ultimate capacity of consumers to absorb, and an inflationary bidding up of prices. Then, when the crisis arrived, many of the unfilled orders would be turned into cancelations, and those which were not canceled would overstock purchasers at high prices on a falling market, thus intensifying the depression.

Speculative advance buying is poor policy not only because it is an affair of feast and famine. It also disorganizes production and trade on both the up and down grade. It creates unemployment. It necessitates the expense of holding more goods in stock, and lengthens the road from raw material to consumer. By concentrating attention on profits due to price changes it distracts the producer's attention from improvements in efficiency. Per contra, in so far as "hand to mouth" buying stabilizes production, it reduces unemployment, cuts costs and permits a steadier and therefore more certain increase of genuine demand.

The causes which have brought about this change in business habits are numerous and to a large extent interdependent. One is the memory of the unfortunate experience of 1920-21, which made many business men resolve never again to be caught with large inventories on hand which would cause great losses if prices fell. Another is the fact that prices have been on the whole steady, and for the most part with a slight downward rather than an upward trend. Few business men would have said a decade ago that falling prices could aid in maintaining large output, but that has seemed to be the case in recent months. Because prices are not going up purchasers are not speculating for a rise; because they are not speculating, production does not leap and fall; because production is more steady, costs decrease, prices may be gradually lowered, consumption grows and output enlarges. Another important factor is that many industries have ample capacity, so that orders may be made up and delivered promptly. And the improved equipment and efficiency of the railroads helps materially, by preventing car shortages and traffic congestion.

It would be erroneous, however, to suppose that this new regimen of business is all-pervasive and will necessarily last. In order to understand this it is necessary to ask why it is that when people order only as much as they need, demand is more steady. Perhaps a merchant, a railroad, or other agent of service intermediary between the basic industries and the retail consumers, has a fluctuating demand to meet. Perhaps this agent could regularize his orders more successfully if instead of order-

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ing supplies when he needed them, he would budget his requirements for a year or more ahead. This seems to be the case with railroads, which have lately been making efforts to stabilize by the very process of abandoning their former "hand to mouth" practices. Railroads, however, depend for their traffic more immediately on the general activity of business than on the demands of ultimate consumers. Studies of economic statistics have repeatedly revealed that the volume of retail trade shows less variation than almost any other aspect of the business cycle. This is reasonable, when you think of it. Millions of people whose chief requirements are for food, clothing and shelter will not vary their demands so rapidly or so much as business men seeking profits and reselling their purchases to others. If production could constantly be adjusted to actual consumers' demand, there would be fewer industrial depressions than there are. Most of the trouble arises because it is not.

Take building, for instance. Due to war restrictions and price confusions, there came to be a great shortage. This was followed by a mad scramble for profits in new construction. Building and real estate are still highly speculative activities. The purchaser does not go into a store and say "Please send me a house." The merchant does not order new apartments from the manufacturer to replenish his stock. Everything depends on advance manufacture. The result is, that while building contractors may have been ordering from hand to mouth as far as their requirements are concerned, there still may have been created surplus stocks of houses—at the prices prevailing—from the point of view of the real consumers.

A somewhat different situation exists in the case of automobiles. It takes more plant capacity to supply a steadily increasing demand for a relatively new product like the motor car than it will to supply replacements once the market becomes saturated. When that time comes the hand to mouth purchasing practices of the motor manufacturers will not save the steel industry's high volume.

Again, much money is spent for products of the basic industries which are to be used at stages even further from the retail consumer than building construction or automobile manufacture. New investments in productive plant are constantly being made, which are speculative to the extent that investors are counting on enlarged future consumption. This expectation can be promptly realized, and the new plant expansion can continue at the same rate, only if consumers' incomes are increased or retail prices are reduced rapidly enough so that the additional product can be absorbed as fast as it is put on the market. Maladjustments occurring here can interrupt regular production.

Finally there is danger that new devices of merchandising will create artificial floods and shallows in the steady flow of retail consumers' purchases. If by extension of the instalment plan many consumers are induced to pledge so large a portion of their future incomes that they must subsequently restrict their purchases, the very basis of steady output is broken.

It is to be hoped that business, having reaped the advantages of regularity from the reforms which have already been introduced, will find out how to avoid such further causes of uncertainty.

Autumn Books

WITH this issue of the New Republic appears a list of important books to be published in the present season. Obviously such a list cannot be complete. Selection has been made with reference to the importance of books and their special interest to readers of the New Republic. For omissions, some of which are due to necessity and others to inadvertence, the editors take this opportunity to apologize, and also to thank publishers for their cooperation in annotating catalogues and giving other information.

The forecast of the autumn publishing season is not impressive, nor does it prophesy any striking departure from the immediate past. Perhaps an exception to this statement should be made in the case of fiction. If there is no name of commanding importance in the field, there never was a time when so many competent hands were engaged in fiction, English and American, among whom one or another may surprise us by renewing former successes. Of the English, Galsworthy, Bennett, Wells, Walpole, Beresford, Swinnerton, Locke, Maugham, Miss Sinclair, Miss Kaye-Smith, Mrs. Seymour, Miss Stern and Miss Macaulay are steady comers. The reappearance of Oliver Onions and Thomas Burke is to be noted; and a return which will be anticipated as a leading feature of the season is that of Kipling. Whether American fiction will surpass the British product of any year is always a sporting question. America has, like Great Britain, a team of regular players whose performance may be discounted, such as Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Joseph Hergesheimer, Hamlin Garland, Fannie Hurst, Ellen Glasgow, Kathleen Norris, Carl Van Vechten and Floyd Dell. In addition a veteran novelist returns to the field in Margaret Deland. If American fiction wins the decision in the present season, however, it will doubtless be by virtue of the performance of new contenders, who are very likely to surpass prediction. Of these it would appear, from this point of view, that America had all the big chances with Elinor Wylie, Ernest Hemingway and Du Bose Heyward, whose Jennifer Lorn, In Our Time and Porgie are three great promises. Ruth Suckow's Odyssey of a Nice Girl places her in the same class of those from whom much may be expected; while Margaret Leech's Tin Wedding and Elizabeth Roberts's The Time of

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Man are already reckoned among the notable books of the season. In regard to translated fiction, the present season falls behind in numbers, but Gorky, Schnitzler, Pirandello, Wasserman, Capek and Baroja are represented.

In poetry the season would seem distinguished by the number of poets who have arrived at the dignity of selected or collected works. There are to be noted, however, new volumes by Leonard Bacon, Grace Hazard Conkling, Vachel Lindsay, Archibald MacLeish, Sara Teasdale and Mark Van Doren; and Amy Lowell's East Wind stands forth to mark the close of a fruitful life.

The second largest division of current reading matter is in the field of biography and autobiography, the popularity of which has grown enormously of late years with the adoption of methods of psychological interpretation and other devices of fiction. Of writers recently dead Joseph Conrad is commemorated in his Life and Letters by G. J. Aubrey, and Maurice Hewlett in his Letters edited by Laurence Binyon. Anatole France continues to engage the public, appearing in two volumes of personal reminiscences, and a critical estimate by Barry Cerf. Authorized monuments due to two statesmen are unveiled, to James Bryce by H. A. L. Fisher, and to Lord Morley by Francis W. Hirst. Established fashions in biography persist in two books upon Lincoln, and three upon Washington. Darwin comes to life in two studies, one by Leonard Huxley and one by Gamaliel Bradford, which undoubtedly exhibit in high relief the methods of two schools of biography. The new series of English Men of Letters extends itself to Blake, Boswell, Conrad, Poe, Hood, Stevenson and Trollope. Two admirable subjects for psychological interpretation seem to present themselves in Robespierre by Albert Mathiaz, and Ignatius Loyola by Paul Van Dyke. The Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney and Fremont Older's Own Story are records of individual experience of quite unique interest, as is Percy MacKaye's Life of Steele MacKaye.

In criticism and literary history, the second volume of the History of English Literature by two excellent French scholars, Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian should have first place. The most recent results of Chaucerian scholarship are to be found in John M. Manly's New Lights on Chaucer. The Writings and Life of George Meredith by Mary Sturge Gretton is an authoritative study of that baffling writer. Studies of contemporary American writers are Eugene O'Neill, by Barrett H. Clark, Edwin Arlington Robinson by Ben Ray Redman and Robinson Jeffers by George Sterling.

It is significant of a decided change in public interest that the lists under the head of economics and politics grow shorter while those under psychology, education, philosophy and religion tend to lengthen. Among the former, Historical Aspects of the Immigration Problem by Edith Abbott, Man and the State by W. G. Hocking and Democracy in American Thought by Vernon L. Parrington invite special mention. Professor Ripley's Main Street and Wall Street and The British Coal Dilemma by Isador Lubin and Helen Everett are of contemporary interest. Two men who have had to do with the making of history, Raymond Poincaré and the Earl of Oxford, tell their stories. In psychology and education The Language and Thought of the Child by Jean Piaget and Thought and the Brain by Henri Pieron are important works now made available in English. In this category should also be mentioned How Natives Think, by Lucien Levy Bruehl. The popularization of subjects formerly reserved to the specialist, which beginning with the histories of Wells and Van Loon advanced last year to anthropology and bacteriology in the books of Dorsey and De Kruif, has reached the history of religion and philosophy, in This Believing World by Lewis Browne, and The Story of Philosophy by Will Durant. Of less popular character, but bearing witness to the aroused interest of readers in this field, is Religion in the Making by A. N. Whitehead.

In other lists appears the continued interest in Negro life and art—under anthropology is listed Dowd's The Negro in American Life, and under art and music a Second Book of Negro Spirituals edited by James Weldon Johnson, Negro Workaday Songs by Messrs. Odum and Johnson, and Primitive Negro Sculpture by Messrs. Guillaume and Munro. The book of travel, like the biography, has of late years come to take its place in creative literature—a tendency emphasized in this present season by Padraic Colum's The Road Round Ireland, Nippon by Louis Couperus, and The Spanish Journey by Julius Meier-Grafe. Among authoritative studies are announced Toynbee's Turkey, Whelpley's Poland, and Dean Inge's Ireland.

No attempt has been made to list juvenile books. The New Republic will publish on October 27 a special section devoted to juvenile literature and children's reading which will prove a valuable addition to the series of articles now appearing on child study, parenthood and early education.

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The Progress of the Dawes Plan

AN important modification has been made recently in the schedule of Germany's payments. According to the original scheme Germany was to pay:

> $250,000,000 in 1924-25; $305,000,000 in 1925-26; $300,000,000 in 1926-27; $437,500,000 in 1927-28; $625,000,000 thereafter, subject to increase according to the index of prosperity.

But the payments in 1926-27 and 1927-28 were to be subject to a modification not exceeding $62,500,000 per annum upwards or downwards according to the yield of the controlled revenues.

The yield of these revenues up to date has made it probable that Germany would become liable for the additional sums, thus raising her payments to: $362,500,000 in 1926-27 and $500,000,000 in 1927-28. But it has now been agreed that in lieu of these two contingent additional payments amounting to $125,000,000 altogether, Germany shall pay a fixed additional sum of $75,000,000 in 1926-27, thus making the payments for the next two years: $375,000,000 in 1926-27 and $437,500,000 in 1927-28.

By this means Germany probably escapes from $50,000,000; the upward progression of the annuities is rendered more gradual; the business of budgeting is made less doubtful; and the Allies get a little money a little sooner. The new arrangement is certainly an improvement, and that it should have gone through so quietly reflects credit on everyone concerned.

It will be seen that the effect of the change is to increase Germany's liability this year to $375,000,000 as compared with $305,000,000 last year. It is important, therefore, to examine in what form Germany has paid so far, and to what extent her capacity to pay has been based on foreign loans rather than on a true excess of exports.

During the first year no remittances were made in cash (i. e., by the purchase of foreign exchange) except for the service of the Dawes loan, nearly the whole amount of the annuity being covered by deliveries in kind, the expenses of inter-allied troops and commissions inside Germany, and the proceeds of the British and French reparation recovery acts. During the second year just ended out of the annuity of $305,000,000, only about $15,000,000 has been remitted in cash (apart from the service of the loan). In order to find $375,000,000 in the third year (September 1, 1926-August 31, 1927) deliveries in kind may be somewhat increased, but the Transfer Committee will probably find itself for the first time in the position of having to purchase substantial amounts of foreign exchange from the Reichsbank.

So far the receipts of the German budget have fully attained and even exceeded the estimates of the Dawes Commissioners, and the scheme as a whole has proceeded as smoothly as anyone could have expected. The difficulties of the transitional period have been overcome. What of the normal period which is now almost in sight? In 1928-29 Germany will have to pay double what she has paid in the year just ended. What are the prospects of her doing so? Ought we to prepare our minds for a new reparations crisis not later than 1928-29?

Probably we ought. But the answer largely depends on the further question how far Germany has been paying out of her own resources, and how far by merely handing back to the Allies the proceeds of foreign loans.

German issues on the international loan market between September 1, 1924, and June 30, 1926, have been summarized by Wirtschaftsdienst as follows (in round figures):

	In the U. S. $	In Great Britain $	Elsewhere $	Total. $
The Dawes Loan	—	—	—	200,000,000
Other Loans, Sept. to Dec., 1924 ..	28,000,000	8,750,000	—	36,750,000
Jan.-Dec., 1925	296,000,000	45,000,000	12,500,000	353,500,000
Jan.-June, 1926	203,000,000	30,000,000	21,250,000	259,250,000
Total	527,000,000	83,750,000	33,750,000	844,500,000

During this same period the Transfer Committee transferred altogether in one way or another about $485,000,000—say, $500,000,000. Thus, on this showing, not only has Germany borrowed the whole of her reparation payments, but nearly as much again in addition.

Before we can draw this conclusion, however, there are some important adjustments to be made. The above is the nominal total of the loans and is subject to deduction in respect of the expenses of issue and the discount below par in the price of issue. Probably we should deduct about 10 percent to cover this, bringing the net receipts down to $790,000,000. Further, during the same period, Germany has been repaying out of the proceeds of these loans a substantial amount of foreign indebtedness incurred in previous periods. On the other hand, the above does not include the operations of foreign syndicates and individuals who have bought fairly large amounts of ordinary shares on the internal market in Germany. Lastly, German private balances remitted abroad during the period of instability have probably, on balance, been returning home again rather than otherwise.

Taking one thing with another—the figures of visible trade, the service of preëxisting foreign indebtedness, the increase in the Reichsbank's hold-

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ing of gold and foreign exchange, etc., I should have been inclined to guess that Germany's net foreign loans during the Dawes period up to the end of last June were pretty nearly equal to the Dawes payments at some figure approaching $500,000,000. In this case practically the whole amount of the reparations so far have been provided by the foreign lender, and mainly by the United States.

The Agent-General for Reparation Payments seems, however, in his report lately published, to take another view; and his authority in such a matter is not to be lightly disregarded. He writes:

> In their earlier phase foreign credits provided funds with which to pay a substantial share of the excess of imports in German foreign trade, and to furnish the Reichsbank with additional reserves of gold and devisen. More recently, notably during December, 1925, and the first four months of 1926, the foreign loans, though on a reduced scale, have coincided with an excess of exports over imports. This fact, supplemented by other evidence known to the banks, has led the German authorities to the conclusion that for several months past the aggregate foreign debt of Germany has not changed materially, and that the large volume of long-term issues placed abroad during that period has largely taken the place of a short debt already owed abroad, but now repaid. It is clear at any rate that latterly there has been a tendency for certain German issues placed abroad to flow back again into the hands of German investors, and that the German banks have themselves become substantial holders of liquid funds abroad. It is too soon, however, to tell how far these conditions may prove permanent.

This is a cautious statement and relates only to a short period. During this period Germany was suffering from a severe industrial slump during which her imports of essential raw materials fell to a figure which would spell industrial ruin if it were to continue. Moreover, the German harvest of the previous autumn had been exceptionally abundant, and the period of the year was one when the balance of payments always tends in favor of Western Europe. I am not disposed, therefore, pending further evidence, to modify very much my prima facie conclusion expressed above.

If this is right, reparations and inter-allied debts are being mainly settled in paper and not in goods. The United States lends money to Germany, Germany transfers its equivalent to the Allies, the Allies pay it back to the United States government. Nothing real passes—no one is a penny the worse. The engravers' dies, the printers' forms are busier. But no one eats less, no one works more. I paint the broad picture—not the details. For the effect of systems of taxation is to shift the burdens as between individuals.

The sums written on paper mount up, of course, at compound interest. Germany is paying on the average about 7.5 percent net for her foreign loans. Thus the annual interest on the debts incurred in the last two years comes to about $50,000,000 per annum. How long can the game go on? The answer lies with the American investor.

There has been lately a revival of discussion about the cancelation of inter-allied debts. The more this is talked about, wisely, foolishly, or indiscreetly, by M. Clemenceau, American Senators and journalists, or anyone else, the better for an ultimate understanding. But the moment when cancelation will become a living topic, an unavoidable burning issue of practical politics, will be when the circular flow of paper is impeded and the artificial equilibrium is broken. It will be for the American investor in due course of time to give the word—and for the American public to find the solution.

London. J. M. KEYNES.

One Dead Level

I'M all for standardization. I'm against standardization—horse, foot and guns. It all depends on what you mean by it. The word is too catholic to be used as a broadside; like "democracy," "justice," it means too much. It should be deeded to metaphysicians and psychoanalysts, and for lay as well as engineering purposes, broken up into two or three shorter and more concrete words.

A standard is something which is subject to repetition. Its requirements can be met again and again. In its own field it is against change and variability. Conformity is its blood brother. It also carries a special connotation meaning "high" or "the best," but this is not implicit in the word itself. One can have low standards. Neither is there any limit to the kinds of things to which standards may apply. At random one may note standards for human conduct as registered in the mores, standards for human anatomy, for plant physiology, for measuring the brightness of the stars, for dinner coats, for electric light sockets, for the resiliency of golf balls, for orange blossom cocktails, for British Thermal Units . . . a list almost as long as there are behavior patterns or thing groups in the world.

The Chinese alphabet carries 45,000 symbols. We have reduced them to twenty-six and could do just about as well on eighteen or nineteen . . . Says an ex-Ford employe, "Sure, if I'd tightened up nut number 999 any longer, I'd have become nut number 999 myself." The short alphabet is an excellent thing, the creation of Robots an intolerable thing. Both are examples of standardization. And so, item by item, had we the time to analyze them all, we would find good standards, bad standards, dubious standards, and standards which nature, having set up, dares us to monkey with. In brief, to shy at the word "standardization" in its literal sense is about as intelligent as to shy at Roman noses or artificial light. There it is, interwoven with all life and matter on this planet in countless millions of forms.

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When the æsthetically inclined grow pale at the word, it is clear they are giving it a special and limited meaning, and when the engineeringly inclined start intoning anthems, they also are thinking of limited things. While these two special definitions are only a small fraction of a field as broad as life itself, they are the two which at the present writing jump first into one's mind when the word is mentioned, and they are the two about which is gathering and will gather the dramatic conflict of the immediate future.

"One dead level. A nation of automata. One hundred million Babbitts!" cry the æsthetes.

"Inefficiency, meaningless diversification, waste," reply the engineers.

Are they howling about the same thing to begin with? Not altogether. People of imagination, of artistic appreciation, tend to deplore standards of conduct which make great masses of people behave with little variability and less charm; and to deplore standards for commercial products which are badly designed and sold in the mass to be consumed by these people. Particularly they deplore the standardization of machine labor. They object therefore to certain habits and to certain goods.

For anyone with an eye to see, there is a great deal in what they say. Behavior is undoubtedly more uniform the country over than it was a hundred years ago. But, taking the town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a unit, is the behavior of the population of Cambridge today more standardized than it was in 1826? One doubts it. But certainly the behavior of the populations of Cambridge and, say, New Orleans, are more nearly alike today than was the case in 1826. Rapid communication over long distances is forcing a uniformity which the days of the canal boat and the stage coach could never achieve.

When it comes to the standardization of goods, while national advertising does put a safety razor and a tube of tooth paste in every home, no age in the world's history has ever seen such varieties in fabricated products. But the goods of a hundred years ago, while infinitely less diversified, had at least the subtle variations of individual craftsmanship on each piece. No blue plate or kitchen chair was quite like the next. There is indeed this to be said for the æsthete's case, but with over 10,000 kinds of toilet articles, and some hundreds of kinds of motor cars to choose from, we certainly are not all buying identical products.

There is little doubt but that habits—food habits, motor vehicle, baseball, cinema, radio, smoking, reading, money habits—are becoming standardized over increasingly wide areas. Granting the fact of machine technology, is it not inevitable that they should? But due to the immense variety of goods produced by that same machine technology, it is difficult to see where a true relative increase in the standardization of things—boots, hats, houses, furnishings, books, recreational implements—has taken place. This last impression is supported by the work of the super-salesmen. The full pressure of modern advertising is put behind the creation of *new* wants, new jimcracks, leaving the old line prime essentials to plod along as best they may. "Things are in the saddle" and it is not their standardization, but their vast complexity which gives us pause.

So much for the æsthete's special definition, which turns out to be a pretty muddled one. Now for the engineer's. The engineer—Mr. Hoover for instance—does very little worrying about standardized behavior or standardized habits—unless, perhaps, as they take place in the factory. He is interested in things, consumer things to a certain degree, but even more in the industrial ways and means for producing and distributing those things. For instance, he might be in favor of cutting down shoe styles, and he might not, but he is certain to be in favor of standardizing shoe machinery, leather grades, shoe sizes, and the cartons and cases in which shoes are shipped. Mr. F. J. Schlink of the American Engineering Standards Committee has given us a comprehensive list of the kinds of standards which interest his organization:

> Units of length, mass time, temperature—a gallon, a pound; standards of size and form—screw threads, bolts, nuts, an invoice form; standard ratings—a horse power, a speed rating for locomotives; standards of quality—specifications for cement, paint, cold rolled steel bars, fat content in milk; standards of practice—construction specification for erecting a steel bridge; standard nomenclature—for radio terms.

What is there here to alarm us, even the most æsthetic of us? Precious little. And if we are gifted with any industrial imagination at all, we see that there is a good deal to rejoice us. We see standardization in such terms reducing confusion and waste, reducing (through a Safety Code) industrial accidents, shortening the route between producer and consumer, raising the quality and dependability of goods, giving the plumber less excuse to go back for his tools. . . . Some of Rossetti's finest mural paintings might still be left to weave their spell of beauty if the paint he used had been standardized as to its quality. Lacking this factor, they have cracked and peeled and are forever lost to us.

A woman moves into a new house. For a month all is confusion and hurry—furniture to be tried here and there, pictures to be hung and rehung, the procession of children through the bathroom in the morning to be determined, pots and kettles to be placed, rugs to go down, curtains to go up, the infelicities of the furnace to be experimented with, a place for coats and hats. Is it claimed that human values are lost, and regimentation introduced, when this job is at last standardized? Ask any mother. And so with industry. Reducing styles to the number actually in demand, reducing processes to a minimum of lost motion—clears up the shop so

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that output may be increased at a lower unit cost; so that the management may have some peace of mind to go on to research and improvement.

But when we come to end products—to boots, hats, shirts, dress goods, house furnishings, foodstuffs, knick-knacks, pictures, plays, music, objets d'art—we have to call a halt, and look into his proposals with the greatest care. We emphatically do not want our final expression of art standardized in any way, shape or manner. But we would hardly object to standardizing the quality of paint, the tone and construction of musical instruments, stage machinery for quick scene shifts.

Our clothing is already standardized for us to a great degree by fashion, and we would be loth to brook further interference, in design at least, by the engineer. But his efforts now to make clothing wear better, keep us warmer, hold its color, and clean easily, are blocked by the ceaseless style change that is stimulated to multiply our wants and quicken the business man's turnover. In so far as the engineer could set up standards of quality and durability in textiles, hosiery, leather goods, could we do aught but welcome them?

Turning from clothing to shelter, we see the horrors of standardized housing in the eastern reaches of Brooklyn. We see them on the outskirts of any American city. Mile after mile of double-deckers, or single cottages, each on a thirty-foot lot, each alike as two peas. And in those houses we shall find the standard products of the Grand Rapids furniture industry—terrible beyond all description. But if we go a little farther on the Long Island Railroad, we shall come to the standardized village of Forest Hills. Here large scale construction has combined efficiency with a good feeling for line, design and perspective, and the result—while not old Nuremberg—is pleasing and livable. Or we may branch north to the Sunnyside development in Astoria, and see a group of standardized houses which even Lewis Mumford consents to live in. There is probably no solution for the housing problem in America, or any industrial country for that matter, except through standardization—coöperative or community groups, central heating, central laundries, unified planning; and an end to the chaotic wastes of starkly individual householding. What are garden cities but standardization?

In foodstuffs, there is less danger from the wrong kind of standardization. Most foods, before they are finally consumed, pass through the family kitchen. The craftsman's stamp must thus be forever upon them. What harm then in standardizing the raw material which the cook takes into her factory? What harm in setting up uniform and dependable grades for milk, butter, flour, bread, vegetables, fruits? What harm in knowing the cold storage effect on quality and flavor in advance? What harm in standard qualities for all canned and bottled goods? The only conceivable result would be a great increase in the national vitality and several years added to the average life span.

Thus in the three prime essentials of clothing, shelter and food, there is wide scope for standardization in end products, with only benefit to the consumer. So we are forced not only to admit the engineer's case in intermediate processes, but must be prepared to welcome him far into the output of consumable goods. In the latter field, however, we can hardly allow him a free hand without preliminary inspection and analysis. He might start building double-deckers each with its tin garage; or turning out fifty million derby hats—each with a 25-centimetre crown.

So far so good. We come now to standardized human motions in a factory and here our analysis can no longer be so confident. Man as a biological animal was evolved in a physical environment which was ever shifting. His instincts and his motor reactions are geared to a rhythm of suns and moons and seasons in which change and motion play a cardinal part. To break that rhythm with monotonous, repetitive, standardized work in a mill or an office may be one of the most evil things which ever befell mankind. Or it may not—particularly if the factory motions can be linked (as certain industrial psychologists are trying to link them) with fundamental human rhythm. We do not know enough about industrial physiology and psychology as yet. But one suspects that most factory and much office work as developed to date is a curse; and I for one am profoundly sceptical of the engineer's case when he proposes to standardize such work further. If the economics of factory standardization would permit of a four-hour working day, I might listen to him—on the assumption that the remaining twenty hours of leisure would right the balance. If he can prove beyond peradventure that certain individuals suffer no evil effects from repetitive work, provided the rhythm is adjusted to their basic needs, I might listen to him . . . But so far he has proved neither of these things, nor unfortunately for the public esteem of his craft, has he concerned himself much with them.

And there we are. On analysis, we have pretty well demolished the case of the æsthete, and been very leery of accepting the engineer's case in toto. Both are right and both are wrong. As a nation, we are unquestionably over-standardized in many of our habits and customs, in much of our factory and office work, and in certain of our end products—such as the speculative builder's house. We are unquestionably under-standardized in intermediate industrial processes, and in many end products—such as quality standards for foodstuffs and textiles, such as garden cities.

Look this word in the face hereafter. When you hear it named, find out the specific project involved, analyze its implications, and praise it or damn it intelligently instead of blindly.

STUART CHASE.

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The Method of Religious Inquiry

THREE uses may be made of the idea of God. One may use it to edify, to convert the sinner and comfort the saint, to stabilize society and uplift humanity; or one may use it to achieve conformity to ancient religious tradition; or one may use it for purposes of experimentation. It is the last of these three which interests us just now. But in order to distinguish it clearly from the others we must examine them. These three differ not only in use but also in content, for the use determines what the idea shall be. The idea best adapted to edification cannot be used for experimentation. The traditional idea, on the other hand, may be edifying, but it does not ordinarily meet the requirements of experimental method. The experimental idea is a proposition which points out something that can be progressively investigated by the method of experimentation.

In this paper we shall endeavor to formulate a proposition about God suitable for experimental uses. But first let us examine the other two, the edifying and the traditional ideas, in order that we may not confuse them with the sort of idea we are seeking.

We are using the word edify in a very broad sense. We mean any æsthetic use of the idea, any inspirational use, as well as any application of the idea to change human lives for the better. Some people, perhaps most people, want a beautiful idea of God and will entertain no other; just as they want a beautiful presentation of a tree or a flower. They resent the scientific idea, which is devised for purposes of investigation. Yet this is precisely the difference between the edifying and the experimental idea. The latter is formed for purposes of investigation, the other not. Most religious people want an idea of God which they can contemplate with delight, which will make them forget the pain and change and peril of everyday life, and give them peace. Such an idea is enjoyed for the same reason and in the same way as beautiful music or any work of art. The same difference holds in the case of the tree between its artistic and its scientific presentations. Of course the latter only yields knowledge, but that is another matter. The exhorter wants an edifying idea of God to entrance his hearers, to inspire them to live better lives, to comfort them in their troubles and to turn them from the evil to the good. The organizer wants such an idea to hold people together and constrain them to do his will.

When we see how people crave the edifying idea, and how useful it is to the orator, the organizer and all the leaders and molders of society, it is small wonder that it has generally crowded out the experimental idea quite completely except for a few rare individuals. The same has been true, however, although to a less degree, of men's ideas of all objects. Science was held back for thousands of years for this very reason. As long as the æsthetic idea of tree and river and fellow man and social group dominated all minds these objects could not be investigated. They could not be truly known. They could only be enjoyed or suffered. The tree could be a nymph, the river a god, the fellow man could be a witch or a devil or an angel sent from God, and the social group could be enslaved to a totem. But the investigation of God is being held back longer than that of any other object because its æsthetic value is greater and its utility for the orator, organizer and other masters far exceeds any other edifying idea. Consequently men bitterly resent the suggestion that they entertain an experimental idea of God.

The only competitor to the edifying idea has been the traditional. Happily, however, the two have often merged and to some degree perhaps always do. Is there any idea which will "satisfy the soul" so richly as the one acquired at "mother's knee"? What idea can yield so much "peace" as the one handed down through many generations until it pervades all those habits which have been wrought into our lives by the mores of our people? And what can so powerfully convert the sinner and bring him back to the ancient paths as such an idea? No other idea can serve so well as an instrument for "building up the church." The traditional idea is often more edifying than one expressly designed for its social utility and æsthetic value. However, the two are not always identical, and certainly there is great difference between the motives of the traditionalist and the one who subordinates tradition to edification in his religious views.

The difference between the fundamentalist and the modernist is right here. Both cherish edifying ideas. Both cling to that idea of God which they believe yields most comfort and is most effective in improving human conduct. But for the fundamentalist this is a by-product. If humanity should not receive benefit from the traditional ideas he entertains, so much the worse for humanity. The fundamentalist does not professedly and deliberately shape his ideas of God with a view to their beneficial effect upon his own soul and upon humanity in general. But this is precisely what the modernist does. Perhaps the difference between the two is only a matter of degree. In fact, we are sure such is the case. Neither wholly discards tradition and neither wholly ignores the beneficial effects which their religious views have upon their own lives and the lives of other men. But the fundamentalist gives priority to the tradition, the modernist to the pragmatic consequences. As we have just seen, the fundamentalist has by far the stronger position.

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But there is another kind of idea altogether, the idea designed for purposes of investigation. No doubt this sort of idea, or the impulse to formulate this kind of idea, creeps into the mind of the modernist at times. There may be, as in different ages no doubt there always have been, individuals who were dominated by this impulse. But until the modernist yields himself over to it quite completely there can be no solution of the problem which has caused the controversy between the fundamentalist and the modernist, and in the end the fundamentalist is bound to win the controversy, although he will not solve the problem. For the idea best adapted to edification is never the one best adapted to investigation. Comparison of any scientific concept of an object with the edifying idea of that same object proves this. We must distinguish between the object as something to investigate and the object as something to enjoy. God should be enjoyed, no doubt, just as friends and flowers and social groups should be enjoyed. But all these should also be investigated. And the ideas best adapted for the one should not be confounded with the other.

The most difficult step to take in the search after knowledge is not the actual work of experimentation, painstaking and hazardous though that may be. But it is rather the formulation of a fruitful proposition which shall guide the work of experimentation. It is impossible to experiment without such a proposition. The old Baconian notion that one could investigate without an hypothesis has long since been demonstrated false. It is equally an error to think that any idea can be used experimentally. Most ideas cannot, if we understand by idea any apprehension we may have of an object.

As a matter of fact men have experimentally investigated God, although generally in a crude, haphazard way and without clear recognition of what they were doing. Were it not for this we would have no knowledge whatsoever of the religious object. Rare individuals, without recognition of experiment as a method of achieving wisdom, have nevertheless lived experimentally with complete abandon. With the insight of genius they may have hit upon a guiding proposition which rendered their experiments profitable from the standpoint of knowledge. Such have been the saints and the prophets. They lived hazardously, for experimental living is always hazardous. They lived "by faith" after the manner described in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

But since these prophets were not clearly aware of the nature of the experimental method, even when practicing it, they could not distinguish its results from ideas arising elsewhere. So their teaching was generally mixed with much that was not authenticated by experimentation. Furthermore, after the prophet was gone, or even while he was still living, there were others who still further diluted and distorted his ideas in order to adapt them to the needs of edification or fit them into conformity with ancient tradition. When the priest and exhorter, the organizer and inspirer had done their work, the original message of the prophet was hard to find.

But now let us turn to our central problem. What proposition about God can be made which will serve to guide any experimental investigation? Certainly those statements which pile up honorific adjectives about God cannot serve. God may be "a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." But such a proposition has little value for the experimental method of search after knowledge, although it certainly presents a delightful and inspiring object of contemplation. But to use it as a means of search would be as though a scientist should describe in glowing terms the beauty of a tree and then make this description the proposition by which he investigated the kind of soil and climate required for its best growth.

But might we not formulate a proposition about God in some such fashion as this: God is that in the universe which will yield maximum security and increase of human good when lives are properly adjusted to him. This idea is not preëminently fitted for edification or for conformity to tradition. But let us examine it to see what values it may have for uses of experimentation.

In the first place we know with certainty that this proposition refers to something truly existent in the total environment with which we interact. Just what it is we do not know. If we did know there would be no need to investigate. But we know it is there and we know it is good beyond anything else in the universe.

How do we know it is good when we do not profess to know what it is? Because, by definition, it is that Something, however unknown, which would and which does bring human life to largest fulfilment when proper adjustment is made to it. Whatever does that is the most precious object of human concern. Nothing else can equal it in value. We may not know what specifically its characters may be, but we do know that its goodness transcends the goodness of everything else in the universe.

How do we know with certainty that it is there, somewhere or everywhere, in the world round about us? We know it is there because all the goods of life are dependent upon making proper adjustment to conditions of environment. Amid these environmental conditions, some of which are social and some not, some are of much more importance than others in sustaining and magnifying the good of human living. Some are positively evil in the sense that they destroy human good. The best adjustment to these evil conditions is to escape their baneful influence or reduce it to the minimum. There is no positive good to be obtained from them. But amid all these conditions, good, bad and indifferent in their bearing upon human life, some must be most important and most productive of good under

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proper adjustment. Therefore, we know our proposition about God points to something very definitely in the total environment and something which is supremely good over all else, and a matter of most vital concern to the total conduct of all human living.

Thus our proposition meets the first two requirements of experimentation. It points to something which is actually existent and going on in the total environment, therefore something which can be investigated by the methods of experiment. Furthermore it states the distinguishing feature of this object by which it can be identified, namely, the most important thing in the universe for all human living.

We can go still further in clarifying the significance of our proposition about God as an instrument of experimental investigation.

For the sake of simplicity we have spoken of certain conditions in our environment as being that to which our proposition pointed. But the word condition is not adequate. It connotes a passive state of being. But nothing in the universe is merely a passive state of being. Everything is undergoing change. The universe is a total going concern. It is a total event which is transpiring, and every part and phase of it is happening or has happened or will happen. The universe is a total event made up of an infinity of included events. In a word, the universe is constantly behaving. This behavior of the universe is infinitely complex and varied. Every individual human being is one tiny bit of this total complex behavior which is going on. The whole history of mankind is one infinitesimal phase of this total behavior.

Now the whole welfare of man depends upon attaining a certain correlation between human behavior and the behavior of the universe, especially in respect to those phases of the universal behavior which bear most critically upon human life. God is that phase of the behavior of the universe which bears most critically upon human life to sustain and magnify it when the right correlation is made. Human life has come into existence because of a certain behavior going on in the universe. Human life has advanced from its most lowly and miserable stages to its highest attainments, because of a certain behavior going on in the universe and the adaptation of man's behavior to it. Human life has been cradled and fostered by this behavior of the universe. God is that behavior of the universe which has thus nurtured human life and which continues to keep it going and growing.

The objective of religious experimentation is to discover as clearly and fully as possible this particular behavior which is going on in the universe. For this is God. This is the object designated by our proposition.

God is not the total universe. He is not the behavior of everything. The only behavior properly called God is that which preserves and increases to the maximum the total good of all human living where right adjustment is made. In the same way precisely an individual human being is a certain behavior of the universe, although not the behavior of the whole universe. Sam Jones is that behavior of a certain part of the universe which writes in a peculiar inimitable scrawl, that brushes his hair in a certain way, that runs the grocery store, makes a certain finger-print and sits beside a woman called his wife when he goes to church. Every human can be identified by his behavior and by nothing else. We go farther and say every human is his behavior and nothing else. So also ice and carbon dioxide and electricity and bantam roosters are identified by their behavior. They are a certain behavior which the universe displays. The same is true of God. He is that special kind of behavior in the universe which is most beneficent to human kind. He is that behavior which has brought forth human life upon this planet and continues to provide for it despite all the follies and evils of men. He is, therefore, that behavior in the universe which is best distinguished from all other by calling it Father, just as we distinguish certain other behavior by calling it Sam Jones.

But just what is this behavior of the universe which is Father God? We do not know with any clarity and fullness. We cannot discover it by means of any of the techniques of the several sciences because the scope of each of these is too limited. The behavior which these sciences can investigate is only of the simplest sort due to the narrow limitations under which our present scientific technique labors. No science, for example, can portray that total complexity of behavior called human personality, not because personality is unknowable but because its behavior is too complex for any technique thus far developed. Psychology and sociology come closest to this attainment, but they have scarcely yet reached the status of science. They still perforce depend in great part upon the rough methods of common sense. Of course common sense practices the method of experimentation and achieves much knowledge in that way, but it cannot do so with the accuracy of scientific method. It cannot altogether exclude irrelevant ideas and irrelevant materials.

But if the behavior of the human individual is too complex for any science thus far achieved, much more does the complexity of divine behavior exceed these limits.

Nevertheless, while the exact and refined methods of science cannot investigate God, we have the experimental methods of common sense. We can live experimentally, as the saints and prophets have always lived who have given us whatever valuable information we have about God. And we can also do more. We can conduct our living experiments with full understanding of what we are doing because we now understand the nature of the experimental method as men of other times did not. They practiced it but without clear understanding of its significance. Consequently they could not guard, as we can guard, against admixture of ideas from other sources. Most of those who have lived lives which brought to light something of that be-

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havior of the universe which is God did not distinguish between the results of their experiment and a great mass of traditional and edifying beliefs which had nothing to do with the experiment itself. Hence their reports are an odd mixture of the important and the unimportant, the experimentally tested and the irrelevant. Some such mixture is inevitable as long as we are limited to the methods of common sense. Only the strict scientific method with its fine technique can eliminate this source of error; and for the investigation of God this exact technique is unavailable, as we have seen. But when we clearly understand what we are doing we can free ourselves of much of this intermixture of the traditional and edifying. Furthermore, while the exactness of pure science is beyond our reach in this undertaking, the sciences can be of great assistance. Especially is this true of the social and psychological sciences. These are at the present time rapidly developing and we can look to them for an increasing amount of help in our search after God, although we cannot hand over this search wholly to their keeping or to the keeping of any other science thus far achieved by humans.

We must not forget, however, that experimental living is hazardous living. It is far more hazardous than any scientific experiment because it involves the whole life, not merely biological existence which may well be sacrificed in scientific investigation. But in religious inquiry one must cast into the experiment those larger goods, including all that one holds dear, his moral character, his highest aspirations, his greatest loves and loyalties, those things without which mere bodily existence is worthless.

Let us quote Professor Hocking, himself a great spirit speaking out of a profound experience:

> If anyone assumes a position of moral leadership, and therefore of moral solitude, he cannot wholly avoid fearing his own audacity; hence the conflict which we know to have taken place in the minds of such men as Mazzini, Luther, Lincoln—the conflict of determining the narrow margin between the true and false presumptions. The reported temptation of Jesus seems to be a symbolical account of an inner struggle such as could occur only to one who had gone far on the way to a great cast of cosmic boldness. To presume so much was to "make himself equal with God"; to presume less was to be false to his own genius.

They who live experimentally must suffer the great pangs and the great terrors. Others can live very comfortably in comparison. "Absence of belief that the world as a whole has an active individual concern for the creatures it has produced [and refusal to investigate the matter by experimental living] need neither destroy happiness nor the morality of compassion. Life would always be worth living and worth living well, so long as free from the major torments. Instinct has its satisfactions in an uninterpreted or partly interpreted condition; it will reach some accommodation to the world that is. Nothing would necessarily be destroyed or lost from the good life which some at least of the human race now know and many hope for—nothing except the higher reaches of curiosity and sympathy, and the wisdom of developing them. It is only the enthusiasts for a far-off good, for an endlessly progressive humanity, for a profound and logical love of life, that would be cut off; it is only the martyrs that have played the fool; only to saints and sages the world has lied."

In order to plumb the depths of the world's behavior, in order to bring to the surface that deep working of the universe which is God, upon which must depend the most abundant living, one must stake his dearest and greatest goods upon a venture. Then, when he has done his utmost and given his all, he must wait and listen quite helplessly to see if the world responds, to see if there rises up from the hidden sources of behavior that which will sustain his venture. There is no better example in this world's history of such venturing than that of Jesus in Gethsemane and on the cross, crying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The response came, magnificently, at last, after his death, carrying his work on to fulfilment. He revealed the most of God because he made the uttermost experiment.

But we must remember that the value of all such experimenting is measured not by the magnitude of the sacrifice involved but by the nature of the proposition which is being tested and the intelligence, the skill and the caution with which the experiment is conducted. There is a bravado and self-glorification through sacrifice which is worthless. Formulation of the proposition, the hypothesis, is always the crucially important thing in any investigation of the world's behavior.

What was Jesus's proposition? What was the hypothesis he was testing by the experiment of his life? We would not presume to formulate it precisely, but surely it had something to do with love. Was there in the universe a behavior, however latent, which would respond to love? If he loved intelligently, honestly, without sentimentality, unreservedly, would the behavior of the world swing into line and support the venture? Was love truly more mighty than violence, more irresistible than logic or art or any social institution or organization except as these embodied love? Was the complete lifelong self-surrender of love for God and man the way to make adjustment to that hidden behavior of the universe which would sustain the maximum security and increase of human good? Was love the greatest instrument of human achievement and the largest fulfilment of human life? Could one conquer his enemies by love? Could he overcome the world with it? Was it mightier than all the power of Rome? Shall the meek inherit the earth?

Jesus made the experiment. The results are not yet all in; the experiment is not completed. The decision still hangs in the balance. But Jesus was experimenting. He was testing a proposition in order to make manifest and pervasive throughout human living that behavior of the universe which is God.

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN.

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Confessions of a Magazine Writer

WRITING articles for the national magazines is my profession, trade, business, job or whatever you wish to call it. Don't be too uncomplimentary, though, or I'll retaliate by high-hatting you as the eight-cylinder purrs by. My output is about one article every ten days, and as most of them appear in magazines with circulations of more than one million there are no wolves in either the front or back yard. It is an interesting occupation, this writing of articles. I find it very pleasant and therefore rather easy. At first I used to wonder why there wasn't more competition, but the answer seems to be that the human race isn't very bright. Nearly everyone has one good article in him, but after that he's through. He may be able to tell his own story, but he isn't worth his weight in sawdust as a reporter. Usually he can't even tell his own story. It is one of the great tragedies of life that the millions are inarticulate and evidently content to remain so. Immensely valuable processes, mechanical devices, and early chemical achievements, not to mention historical facts, have been utterly lost to humanity because the men who wrought them didn't have the wit to preserve records. As persons we may or may not be immortal, I don't know, but most assuredly words are immortal. It is unfortunate that this ancient truth isn't more generally recognized. Each century leaves a pitifully incomplete history of itself.

I

The thought sometimes occurs to me: What if my journalistic efforts should be excavated and deciphered some centuries hence and win a place for me among the immortals, by which, of course, I mean that I would be cited as an authority on American affairs for fifty or perhaps even sixty years? Let us suppose that that happened and in addition that I was permitted as a well meaning shade to return and criticize my work for the benefit of the generation then presiding. What would I say?

Well, first of all, I'd say that my writings were distressingly superficial; I knew vastly more than I set down in these articles. "Ah," they would exclaim, "then part of it was suppressed." No. The government appeared to be unaware of my existence except along about March 15 when my income tax return was due. Corporations and other dragons of the day were uniformly kind to me. Editors, on the whole, seemed to be eager for the truth. There was neither bribery, suppression, nor coercion. As a rule we avoided pessimism, but pessimism is opinion rather than fact.

What I would have to explain is the fact that I lived in a great nation with a population of about one hundred and twenty millions of persons, nearly all of whom could read, but very few of whom could think. I would probably have to go into lengthy definitions of the word, moron. I assume, of course, that by that time there wouldn't be any morons. We may safely adopt such an assumption, I think, in view of the fact that under our present materialistic civilization the best way to beat the game is not to have any children at all and that many of the brightest young men and women follow this course while the half-wits propagate after the fashion of rabbits. Eventually that system ought to produce a race of supermen. So we will assume the existence of this superior breed of humanity.

I stand before them as a good-natured ghost offering marginal notes on my ancient magazine articles which dealt with pure and applied science, social customs, commercial usage, benevolent organizations, law, religion, government, international relations and inter-racial problems. My range of subjects is rather wide. The natural inclination of my honest auditors, we will assume, would be to take it for granted that I told all I knew. They are using my writings as a basis for judging the character and quality of the civilization prevailing on the North American continent about the time I romped hither and yon in the joyous, sensuous flesh. Well, as an honest ghost I would have to speak volubly.

"Listen," I would say, "while I explain the conditions under which I wrote. I had an audience of many millions of people, the vast majority of whom took it for granted that my primary purpose was to entertain them. Even those who were willing to be instructed insisted that it take the form of light entertainment. In spite of this fact they were extremely vain about their intelligence; indeed, regarded themselves as representing the finest mentality the human race has ever developed. It would have been very easy at any time and on almost any subject I dealt with so to befuddle them that they wouldn't have had the remotest idea what it was I said. This could have been accomplished by no more complicated process than making the soup too thick for their digestions; that is to say, telling them more than they could understand. If ever I had done this they would never have forgiven the insult. This was the dragon that stood over my typewriter throughout my career, for I was eager to give them my best.

"At the time I wrote there were other men who scorned the light methods followed by the school to which I belonged and insisted on brewing very thick soup. I liked their cooking and so did some 100,000 or more others among the audience of one hundred and twenty millions, but in escaping from my dragon they merely stepped into the jaws of

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another. To be specific they were not very well paid; their writings were confined to a very limited market, and for some strange reason that I have never been able to understand the editors with whom they dealt were about the most unsatisfactory business men of that period. In Philadelphia there was a magazine vastly larger than any of these others; its range of subjects was amazing, and it went to press every week. The editors of that magazine with easily twenty times as much business to discharge could pass upon a manuscript in not more than forty-eight hours. They paid me about five times as much as the higher publications paid and could use more of any one writer's manuscripts than he could possibly produce. Therefore if one gave that magazine what it wanted the reward was not to be despised.

"Now let me tell you what they wanted. There was no limitation on subject matter nor was there any trifling with truth. The only sharp limitation related to kindly regard for the vast number of people who can consume vitamines only one by one. If you were going to discuss a problem in legal procedure you had to begin with a lawyer named Brown, who had a client named Smith, and you would bring these two together in an office containing certain desks, chairs, books and a photograph of the United States Supreme Court justices. Then Smith would tell Brown why he was there and Brown would advise Smith with regard to the pending litigation. By this process you eventually led up to the point that something ought to be done by the legislature to correct an evil in current court procedure. If you had begun by saying: "The writ of certiorari ought not to be issued except, etc.' most of your readers wouldn't have known whether you were discussing dentistry, electricity or mah jong. And not knowing they would have been very angry because they never for a moment relaxed their firm grip upon the axiom that they were the most marvelously intelligent people who ever lived—moreover, that they were well informed on every imaginable subject.

II

"I meditated over all these difficulties and they did not seem to me insuperable. The audience of one hundred and twenty millions was made up largely of earnest, well meaning folk who would permit you to tell them things if you went about it in the way they understood. Moreover, I had not only respect but something closer to awe and reverence for the editor of that Philadelphia magazine because he was not afraid of any subject in spite of the peculiarities of the public. By his wit, shrewdness and profound understanding of popular psychology he managed to tell them extremely interesting things even about painting, architecture and the more intricate sciences. I regarded him as one of the greatest men of his age.

"Every now and then, however, I would yearn to brew a soup containing 100 percent of nourishment; a soup that the millions would have regarded as hard as granite and impossible to swallow. Such brews I produced for my own pleasure and offered to the Olympians. Not less than a dozen times the so-called high-brow publications sniffed these brews and abandoned them with nice letters of praise. They also bit granite. Imagine my astonishment when the Saturday Evening Post would accept these manuscripts with the casual remark that while they were not exactly "in line" still there were some hundreds of thousands of pretty sturdy digestions among the three million readers of the publication. O cream of the jest! On the whole I wouldn't say that I was crucified. No, not by a wide margin.

"There were other publications, however, that estimated the quality of the vast audience by examining its lower levels. Moreover, they accepted these lower levels as static. Consequently they were not pushing on the reins, as the country boys used to say. Their formula was about as follows: 'What story does the public know best and like best? Let's tell it to them again.' And so they did that over and over, month after month, year after year. It was a cynical gesture, I thought. I am glad to say that I seldom found it necessary to do business with these publications. Their editors were, as a rule, like a flock of sheep, chasing hither and yon after anything that appeared to be profiting some other editor. An original idea frightened them into hysterics. They could never risk anything new, no matter how tame it was. But if another editor received a good response from some new idea they'd imitate him through mire, filth, muck-raking, religious revival, objectionably salacious treatments of sex, or reform or anything else. Their purpose was to obtain circulation and no other policy existed. They were a wearisome lot of nit-wits who usually flourished for short seasons and then suddenly failed. As soon as a fad died their circulation died with it because the editors were incapable of starting a new fad, although that was the highest ambition of their lives.

"On the whole I think they had a very bad effect on public taste because as a rule they were aiming at the lower levels. Most of us will admit, no matter how cultivated our tastes, that we are not incapable of enjoying something below the Olympian. For example, I very much enjoy Ibsen but I have also appreciated the antics of Sliding Billy Watson on the burlesque stage. The type of editor I am speaking of would have made careful note of my behavior in the burlesque theatre and thereafter offered me nothing but Sliding Billy Watson. That was his influence on American culture—about 98.2 percent bad. An editor of that type told me one day that his test for an article was to imagine himself on a railroad train after having bought the magazine without even noticing the name of it; he

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then opens the magazine at random uncertain whether he cares to read or not and glances casually at the first line of an article. Does it get his attention? There was the test. I told the editor that every article in his magazine ought to begin: 'Bang! bang! bang! Three more redskins bit the dust.'

III

"But the point I wish to make is that he and his ilk aimed entirely too low. He should have been running a Punch and Judy show or a shooting gallery or a cabaret or a speak-easy. Why pick a mind in the mood he described and accept such an inert lump as your audience? It is not fair to the intelligent readers and it is outrageously unfair to authors, for one cannot write even a superficial article well without understanding the subject. I once read 350,000 words in a technical library to prepare myself for a not very important article of 2,500 words. That article, by the way, is worth discussing as an example of the most difficult type of assignment. Some of the magazines were excessively eager to crowd into their limited space as many attractive headlines as possible. The result was that a well qualified man would be called upon to 'do us something in about 2,000 words on the present status of the Christian churches in this country.' After due meditation he might think of one or two salient points that could be outlined in that narrow space but he was bound to smile when he found his article labeled in print 'an exhaustive and authoritative treatment.' As he read it he probably wondered why the editor hadn't called in some blacksmith or plumber to do the job since it appeared to him so microscopical, but the real tragedy lies in the fact that only a very well qualified man could have done even that little. It would have been actually easier for him to have done a much more complete piece of work. If he was at all interested in posterity it would have pained him very much to speculate on the possibility of that little fragment being dug up two centuries later and studied as 'an exhaustive and authoritative treatment,' for it most assuredly was not, as he knew better than anyone else."

Something about like the foregoing, I think, would be my explanation; at any rate part of it.

Some of the editors of my acquaintance tell me that the public taste in magazines is distinctly lower today than it was some ten or fifteen years ago and that the tendency is downward at an alarming rate but I doubt that. Evidence to support the opposite contention seems to me abundant and convincing. I can remember when magazines lived or died by their fiction alone and not very good fiction, either. Articles were comparatively unimportant and reflected the point of view of the Sunday newspaper magazine section—"jest sumthin' t' read." Today the range of subject matter for articles is much wider and I notice that the Saturday Evening Post divides its titles about evenly between articles and fiction. The first article I ever sold to a big national magazine brought $75. Now I seldom receive less than $750 and sometimes considerably more. The tendency I see in the matter of public taste indicates to me that there is more room than ever for magazines addressing themselves exclusively to the sophisticated reader without regard for any other. Note, for example, the instant success of the American Mercury.

But what, you may ask, of the horde of miserable, trashy publications that make every newsstand resemble an old-fashioned crazy quilt? Well, I think the answer is that we are in process of dividing the sheep from the goats and I'm glad of it. Let those who wish the trash have it. God help them to get out of the way of the rest of us so that we can enjoy ourselves without forever having to make allowances for some ill-smelling ignoramus standing at our elbows and insisting on reading over our shoulders. I much prefer that he have his own magazine (he is more often a she, however) and not force the editors of my reading matter to consider him along with me. That's too difficult a feat.

IV

There is a general custom in the United States of putting labels on magazines and it leads to much injustice. For example, the ancient wheeze about Mr. Babbitt utterly baffled by the Atlantic Monthly and staring blankly at its pages is certain to bring a laugh and yet the Atlantic Monthly today is very readable. I have experimented with it and Mr. Babbitt and found that if he is led up to the thing without being warned that it is a high-brow publication he rather likes it, or at least part of it. On the other hand there are people who insist that the Saturday Evening Post aims solely at Mr. Babbitt. They are mistaken about that. Even Edward J. O'Brien, who rates every story in the Dial 100 percent in his 1925 volume, gives the Saturday Evening Post credit for 67 stories that he also rates 100 percent, and no other magazine in this country printed so many of that quality, again according to Mr. O'Brien's own figures.

The American Magazine is also subjected to unjust spoofing especially with regard to its articles about men who have achieved material success. Merle Crowell, the editor, would be the first to admit that he doesn't always get what he wants in these articles, that they don't go deep enough. Some of his own, produced when he was writing and before he began editing, were nothing less than remarkable studies. I venture to say that if Theodore Dreiser or James Branch Cabell would undertake such an assignment for the American Magazine and probe for the inner sources of energy and what is loosely called inspiration that have brought some boy from obscurity to success they would find congratulations and a generous check awaiting them.

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They wouldn't even have to study a business man. Artists and scientists are just as interesting. Merle Crowell's complaint is that he has difficulty finding writers with sufficient ability to do what he wants done.

The American Magazine is by no means the inventor of the biographical sketch seeking to explain the "secret of success." Old Benvenuto Cellini himself thought he was doing precisely that, and so, I think, did Julius Cæsar, though both missed the mark by at least a hundred miles. When the job is done superbly the result is quite likely to be a work of permanent value.

I am always in a pink glow of happiness after I have tackled a particularly involved topic that might very well be worth two volumes and have ground it down and sifted the component parts until I can begin by wasting a thousand words on the wordy old formula that introduces a lot of fictitious characters and still cover the ground so well in 6,000 words that only a few of the edges are uneven. It's worth doing. But as I said in the beginning, if some future generation digs up my journalistic works and threatens to use them as the complete, authoritative reflection of North American civilization during the period when I romped hither and yon in the joyous, sensuous flesh I'd be much obliged for permission to add a few millions of words. I told too little, judged by my own private standards, and I could have told much more. I wanted to tell it. I tried to do honest work. But I and my editors dealt with a public that demanded primarily light entertainment. Our apologia is that we did the best for them that they'd permit and felt an honest workman's scorn for those who didn't.

We were famous men in our day and some of us were very happy in the realization of that fact. The degree of happiness depended entirely upon the vanity of the individual. However, my own vanity is of such a quality that the acclaim of the crowd could yield me very little pleasure unless it led to something practical. When I was comparatively inexperienced I accepted invitations to lecture but I soon found out that the audience was not interested in what I said; they had come to look at me, not to hear me. On one occasion when I was intensely interested in my subject and probably made the best public address of my career about twenty-five persons crowded forward to ask questions. Twelve asked me how old I was and thirteen asked me if I was married. All of them observed my clothing so closely that I couldn't fail to notice the scrutiny.

I considered that sort of fame a nuisance and after learning my lesson kept out of the limelight. My fame was valuable on only two counts: first, I never had any trouble getting an interview with anyone from the President down, and that saved me time; second, I could always get a room in crowded hotels, an automobile when needed, and my checks were always cashed without inquiry or delay. That is the way our democracy treats its royalty and I appreciated it.

Thackeray ends one of his novels about as follows: "For which of us has his desire or having it is satisfied?" And Theodore Dreiser says approximately the same thing in Sister Carrie: "Oh, Carrie, Carrie! Oh, blind strivings of the human heart! . . . In your rocking chair, by your window, shall you dream such happiness as you may never feel."

Probably I should have devoted my life to scientific research or philosophy. Either or both would have made me happy—except that poverty is horrible in a materialistic democracy. On the whole I believe I made the best compromise possible *for me*. And if my son should decide to do the same I would not object. We could not choose the century in which we were to be born.

(This is the ninth in a series of anonymous confessions, in which men and women in various occupations and walks of life are giving their professional or spiritual autobiographies.)

. . . And Other Stories

R. L.: Let's talk about Ring Lardner for a change.

STILL SMALL VOICE: What excuse have you this time?

R. L.: A book which, as we critics say, recently appeared. It is called The Love Nest and Other Stories, by Ring W. Lardner, with an introduction by Sarah E. Spooldripper, and—

S. S. V.: I know, I know: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. What do you want to say about him this time?

R. L.: I propose to write something or other about his place in present day American literature, about his use of our national dialect, the American language, about his sense of character and his underlying humor.

S. S. V.: Miss Spooldripper, in her valuable introduction, says all that and a lot more much better than you do. Listen to her: "The romance of 'Mr. and Mrs. Fix-It,' without ranking with Lardner's best or with his most popular compositions, and betraying here and there a less persistent hold on character than is usual with him, is still a fascinating story, full of his peculiar sensuousness and pathos, with striking scenes vividly portrayed, and an advance on his previous farces as respects his constantly growing power of imaginative description."

R. L.: I suppose a writer can be quite as much annoyed by silly praise as by a fearful knock.

S. S. V.: By knocks and by silly praise of course, but he is much more annoyed by the critic's solemnly, heavily, publicly probing his own soul, by the critic's half-baked analysis of things he, the writer, never knew existed, by their feverish pawing over of obvious truths. And sooner or later— Have you ever used the phrase, The Art of Ring Lardner, or anything like it?

R. L.: I'm afraid I have.

S. S. V.: Sooner or later you all do, and that is what makes an author want to scream. Why do you start

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talking about something which never enters the author's mind? Do you suppose he is worrying about Art? Does he say, pen in hand, upon the threshold of another, brighter, better short story, "Stick around, boys, this is going to be Art"? Something gets into even sensible people as soon as they assume the rôle of critics in print.

R. L.: I was only going to show that he is a pretty significant fellow in our literature.

S. S. V.: He is "significant," which means only that he means something, and probably he means what he says, which meaning is one thing to him, another to me, and yet a third to you, so don't flatter yourself that you really mean anything by writing or talking about Lardner's or anybody's "significance."

R. L.: All I meant to say was that he was important.

S. S. V.: If you confine your job to telling people that Ring Lardner is well worth reading, and that they'd better hurry up and not miss a good show, then I have no kick. But if— Now, see here, when you write about him, tell me, for whom are you going to write?

R. L.: For people who haven't read him and ought to, for people who have read him without having any ideas on the subject, and will therefore be grateful for mine, for people who have read him and will derive equal pleasure from agreeing or disagreeing with my remarks.

S. S. V.: Which of these would you prefer to arouse in your reader?

R. L.: At bottom, I suppose agreement. Yes, the fullest possible agreement, of course.

S. S. V.: You would choose to have them swallow your own ideas whole, without mastication. That's quite natural. And all wrong. Let us suppose that you and a reader of about the same intelligence—who ought not to be hard to find—both read Ring Lardner. Complete agreement between your opinions, which you would call reactions, would be highly undesirable.

R. L.: Why?

S. S. V.: Because such an occurrence would be a direct contradiction of something you intensely believe to be true: That no two people are anywhere the same. It follows quite from this axiom, which I also admit to be true, that for you and your reader to agree about Ring Lardner would mark you as accomplices in a lie. Which is beside the point, because you are chiefly writing for yourself, not for unknown readers.

R. L.: That's too deep for me.

S. S. V.: When you have finished, and while you are reading, this book, or any other book, does your impression pile up in words, clear, significant, critical words, as you go along, and does it add up at the end into a neat collection of evaluations, appreciations and formula which you then proceed to squeeze out on paper like a little ribbon of toothpaste?

R. L.: No, I can't say that's what happens.

S. S. V.: Then what does happen?

R. L.: It would be hard to explain. There is an impression of some kind, but it is extremely vague and only becomes clear as words are painfully carved out of it.

S. S. V.: What you mean is that words come, multiply and eat up the original impression as rabbits do a truck garden, often quite as destructively. The first impression, a wordless emotional state of mind, is the true one. No words that you can find will do it justice, precisely as your impression fails to do justice to the book. Now let's pretend that these stories of Lardner's are hung around the room like pictures, and that you are a sort of Baedeker or art dealer or interpreter who must tell me what the stories are like, how they are different from others, which of them are better than others, and why.

R. L.: Well, now, let's see. The one I like best is called Haircut. It is spoken from out of the mouth of a barber in a small town, and is an excellent example of Lardner's fine ear for individual uses of American speech. The character grows with minute subtle touches, and a complete, rather sardonic, rather touching story is born before our eyes.

S. S. V.: A fair tag. I might recognize the story, in a small crowd, from something like a laundry mark you have attached to it, but then again I might not. Go on.

R. L.: Well, there's another story called The Love Nest which I like, too, for different reasons. It isn't real, or meant to be, and yet somehow it is real, and produces a very acid, almost poignant effect. He certainly knows how to make people talk, each one his own language.

S. S. V.: Can't you say a little more about quality, and essence, and strangeness, and pathos, and conviction, and touch, and brio and perspective, and some of those other little words which critics seem able to find inside any old fountain pen?

R. L.: I'll try. Lardner's peculiar talent for projecting himself into the lives, and mouths, of his characters, and leaving himself behind, is best evinced in the story called My Deal, which is a gem in the art of monologue which also tells a story which flowers simultaneously with full identification with the character at the end which . . .

S. S. V.: Flowers! Projecting! Art! Evince! Attaboy!

R. L.: The introduction is a fine sample of the new Lardner, whose capacities for wild, quaint, hearty nonsense are incredible. What a queer leit-motiv of wolves and stray dogs! Who else is there who can give so much laughable point to pointlessness . . .

S. S. V.: That's enough. As if all Lardner needed was to have some solemn ass of a word-addict like you come Spooldripping along. Now it wouldn't be much trouble, would it, to whittle away a bit at what you've been saying and turn out a nice shiny review? But what have you said, really? Nothing that really touches Lardner. Since I refrain from putting my impression of him into words, it is intact, and I can compare your criticism or whatever it is, with my impression. The two coincide at a few points, yet much remains vague, and much more isn't touched upon at all. But cheer up—it never can be. Think of salt, for instance.

R. L.: What do you mean, salt?

S. S.V.: Salt is a substance with a peculiar indescribable flavor all its own. No one has ever come much nearer than that to describing its flavor. There are some—very few—objects and books and impressions which can be described in terms of other things. Salt is not one of them. You can only describe it in its own terms, by putting a pinch of it on the tongue of the uninitiated. The same

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thing is essentially true of good books, and yet you critics spend your lives trying to write about them in terms of other things, which of course do not fit. Now have you said, are you ever likely to say, anything about Lardner which will be the whole truth about him, and not also part of the truth about something else?

R. L.: No, probably not. You are right.

S. S. V.: Then why write about him?

R. L.: I guess I'd better not.

S. S. V.: That's all I wanted. Goodbye! (*exit* STILL SMALL VOICE).

R. L.: Now that our misguided friend has left us, may I be permitted to make a few general remarks about the significance of Ring W. Lardner's altogether remarkable collection of short stories, which show him at very nearly the heights he reached in that other remarkable and altogether significant book, How to Write Short Stories? His is a native talent, of the soil, little likely to be understood in those islands where is spoken a prehistoric patois called English. His humor is native, too, but it is not light, frivolous; rather does it seem weighted with the realization that men are men and women women, tragic and comic all at once; rather does it seem, rather does it seem . . . (*at this point the phonograph is stopped for the purpose of trying the other side of the record.*)

ROBERT LITTELL.

Bella Napoli

FROM the café where I sit, in the Via Costantinopole, I look across at a furniture shop, a large and flourishing establishment where a fair number of Neapolitans, no doubt, buy what their houses need; and I rejoice to see the glare and shine of it. In Florence, in Genoa, Bologna, in Rome even, these shop windows would be filled with dull, thin stuff, furniture either made in Germany in the trade Art Nouveau style or Italian trade Art Nouveau, scant brown wood frames, with some amount of bad carving, done by machine, a patch of cotton velvet brocade and a few brass nails. But Naples, even in its furniture demands, is true to itself. The furniture in these windows is big and bad, flaring, decadent and void of fine craft but it is all gold and red damask, it is gilded and flamboyant still, rich with the rococo, roaring, abundant and palatial.

Every time I am in Naples, I sit ruminating, something appears on the lively surface of the day that is characteristic of the place. Not every place has this faculty. In some—Florence for instance or Vicenza—the characteristic quality appears only slowly and subtly, being as it is so elusive and fine, so subtle and inexhaustible. But in Naples the character and soul arises and concentrates into a symbol or flower of itself as waves express the sea or the Parthenon the mind of Periclean Attica. Naples never fails me, however often I may visit it; and if the meat is strong, the waters of it bitter to swallow sometimes, where one is squeamish and full of taste perhaps or even moderately delicate, still the joy remains, the pure delight of seeing a characteristic thoroughly expressed, the pure satisfaction of coming on some outer body that can so ripely express an inner soul.

CARUSO

With this my host, seeing me thoughtful, or perhaps—which is better South Italian—seeing me take so long to make my way through a line of thought, comes to me and begins to talk. He suggests pleasant things to do in the town. Have I been to Posilipo? I have. And seen the catacombs? I have, years ago at least. And Caruso, have I seen Caruso? I am perplexed and ask details, what does he mean by seeing Caruso, who has been dead these two years gone and buried?

This, my host replies, is just the point. I ought to go to see Caruso. So many of the Neapolitans have been; he himself has been with his five children and his signora, and has taken a cousin from New York. You go to the Campo Santo del Pianto, he says, and to the Caruso chapel. There is no admission, you give the attendant something if you like for opening the chapel for you. He takes you in. You see the coffin with the candles burning everlastingly about it. The coffin is covered with a flag. The attendant draws away the flag and you see Caruso lying there in his dress-suit. Because the coffin is entirely glass. He has been embalmed by a method discovered by an Italian—though abroad nothing seemed to have been published about this wonderful discovery—by which you can be completely preserved. So you can see Caruso exactly as he was in life.

But wait, the host says, he is extremely sorry, he thinks after all it will be impossible for me to see Caruso this month, or just now, the chapel is closed. He turns and asks his little apprentice, a nephew of eight. Is the Caruso chapel open just now? It is not, the boy says promptly; and the host says he remembers now, it is closed, "they have to wash him."

Naples, this is, too perfect and final to be disgusted, horrified or shocked. I try to let it go at that, as the host rushes off to a customer who will take some cognac and coffee. My mind runs back to this same café, this same table two years ago.

THE CUSTOMS

I was sitting here, I recall, with a glass of vermouth bianco, brooding, trying to digest the violent town around me, when I heard a sound in the street, music, drums, horns, with the cries of mourners and women's voices and laments. It was, as I presently discerned, a lamentation higher and more cosmic perhaps than belongs to an immediate and near and personal grief. Presently I saw a cortège, army wagons, one after another, three of them, draped in black and laden with black coffins, followed by people carrying candles, and at intervals what seemed to be family groups, young men, old men and women, the women in black and with black veils on their heads, an effect of grief and a procession of mourning like a chorus in Greek, the Trojan women, perhaps, or some tragic procession from an unknown drama of Æschylus. I asked my host what it could mean, had there been some terrible accident that such a funeral should be?

No, he said, these were the skeletons of men who had fallen in the War four or five years ago. These were the

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mothers, who had not been able up to this time to have the bodies brought home to another burial and last resting-place. They had to save the money first for such an expense. It cost, you see, 280 lire. You had to pay 200 lire express to have the bones brought home from the Trentino, and then there was a fee of 80 lire for the dogana, the customs duty on the skeleton, which the city charged.

Lotteries

But life, the host went on, running off into theoretical abstractions, as these citizens are wont to do whose regions have given to Italy so many of its most powerful minds, life is a lottery and one cannot take it too seriously or one is lost, sleep leaves the eyes. And as for the lottery itself, one can never tell. A prophesying priest whose predictions had fallen true so many times, had prophesied not long since a lottery number, and everyone had put his money on it, everyone but the host, that is, and when—as you might very well know it would—the state drew another number, the good father had to fly.

Foundlings

From these memories I return to my thoughts of flowering Naples, and of some statistics I read once of the Foundling Hospital, where babies awkwardly born to this fair town are carried. In the shadow of San Martino, it is almost, the monastery—now a museum—where the monks used to give balls and festivals that astonished ambassadors from the north and shocked at last even the Bourbons. Affairs at the Foundling Hospital—where as they will tell you in Naples, children without a mother take the Madonna for one—having become somewhat notorious the city ordered at last an investigation, this in the year 1895. Of 856 infants carried to this hospital during the year 853 died. All these, however, were carried forward as still living, and the institution continued to draw the 600,000 lire devoted to its maintenance. Forty-two doctors were found to be in attendance and supported by these funds, though nineteen was the number allowed by the law. The report ends by saying that "there is no reason to think these facts peculiar to the year 1895."

Ah, Naples, I think, Naples!

But all this is doubtless changed by now, I go on meditating, in this divine season at least and on this crystal morning; for over by the street corner the light falls on the leaves of the magnolia trees, bright and infinite; I can hear the water—the finest drinking water in any Italian city, Baedeker says—in a fountain plunging gaily down; and half a block away a girl, beautiful and straight, with a Greek head, a scarlet amaryllis behind her ear, and the step of some lovely animal, walks gleaming beside her basket of melons and crying them out along the street in a beautiful, bright voice that carries, I should think, as far as the light of a star.

Stark Young.

The Department of Justice and the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

THE New Republic prints below, in whole or in part, seven documents covering the latest developments in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

I

Affidavit

of Lawrence Letherman, former local agent of the Department of Justice in Boston, Mass.

My name is Lawrence Letherman. I live in Malden, and am in the employ of the Beacon Trust Company. I was in the federal service for thirty-six years, first in the railway mail service for nine years; then as Post Office Inspector for twenty-five years; then three years as local agent of the Department of Justice in Boston in charge of the Bureau of Investigation. I began the last named duties in September, 1921.

While I was Post Office Inspector I coöperated to a considerable extent with the agents of the Department of Justice in Boston in matters of joint concern, including the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The man under me in direct charge of matters relating to that case was Mr. William West, who is still attached to the Department of Justice in Boston. I know that Mr. West coöperated with Mr. Katzmann, the District Attorney, during the trial of the case, and later with Mr. Williams. I know that before, during, and after the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti Mr. West had a number of so-called "under cover" men assigned to this case, including one Ruzzamenti and one Carbone. I know that by an arrangement with the Department of Justice, Carbone was placed in a cell next to the cell of Sacco for the purpose of obtaining whatever incriminating information he could obtain from Sacco, after winning his confidence. Nothing, however, was obtained in that way. I also know that West was a party to a plan to use Ruzzamenti for the same purpose. One Weiss, formerly an agent of the Department, was involved in this plan. He was running a private office at that time on the seventh floor of the building at 7 Water Street under the offices of the Department, and remained in touch with the Department agents. Efforts were made by Mr. West to put other men in the Dedham Jail as spies, but the men whom he desired to use for that purpose objected.

Before, during, and after the trial, the Department of Justice had a number of men assigned to watch the activities of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. No evidence warranting prosecution of anybody was obtained by these men. They were all "under cover" men, and one or two of them obtained employment by the Committee in some capacity or other. I think one of them was a collector. The Department of Justice in Boston was anxious to get sufficient evidence against Sacco and Vanzetti to deport them, but never succeeded in getting the kind and amount of evidence required for that purpose. It was the opinion of the Department agents here that a conviction of Sacco

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and Vanzetti for murder would be one way of disposing of these two men. It was also the general opinion of such of the agents in Boston as had any actual knowledge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, that Sacco and Vanzetti, although anarchists and agitators, were not highway robbers, and had nothing to do with the South Braintree crime. My opinion, and the opinion of most of the older men in the government service, has always been that the South Braintree crime was the work of professionals.

The Boston agents of the Department of Justice assigned certain men to attend the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, including Mr. Weyand. Mr. West also attended the trial. There is or was a great deal of correspondence on file in the Boston office between Mr. West and Mr. Katzmann, the District Attorney, and there are also copies of reports sent to Washington about the case. Letters and reports were made in triplicate; two copies were sent to Washington and one retained in Boston. The letters and documents on file in the Boston office would throw a great deal of light upon the preparation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case for trial, and upon the real opinion of the Boston office of the Department of Justice as to the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti of the particular crime with which they are charged.

I know that at one time Mr. West placed an Italian printer or linotyper in the office of some Italian newspaper in Boston for the purpose of obtaining information. One of the men employed by West at one stage of the Sacco-Vanzetti case was named Shaughnessy. He was subsequently convicted of highway robbery and is now serving a term in the Massachusetts State Prison. One of the "under cover" men employed by Mr. West was an Armenian named Harold Zorian. While being paid $7 a day by the government he became Secretary of some communist or radical organization in the vicinity of Boston, the proceedings of which he reported to the Department.

Signed LAWRENCE LETHERMAN.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

Suffolk, ss. Boston, July 8, 1926

Then personally appeared the above named Lawrence Letherman and made oath that the foregoing statement subscribed by him is true. Before me,

Signed WILLIAM G. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace.

My commission expires March 3, 1927.

II

AFFIDAVIT

of Fred J. Weyand, former local agent of the Department of Justice in Boston, Mass.

My name is Fred J. Weyand. I reside in Portland, Maine. I am a special agent of the Attorney General's office of the state of Maine, and have been since I resigned as an agent of the Department of Justice about a year and a half ago.

I became connected with the Department of Justice in the year 1916, and shortly afterwards became a special agent with an office first at 24 Milk Street, Boston, later at 45 Milk Street, and later at 7 Water Street, where the Department had offices on the eighth floor, and later at the Post Office Building. My duties as special agent were in general to investigate and report upon any and all violations of the penal code which I might be assigned to investigate by my superiors, who were first Frederick Smith, next George E. Kelliher, next John Hanrahan, next Charles Bancroft, and last Lawrence Letherman. These were my superiors while I was working from the Boston office. I occasionally worked in other parts of the country and then came under other superiors temporarily. I was a special agent during the entire administration of Mitchell Palmer, Attorney General of the United States, and was concerned in the activities against the so-called reds or radicals, including arrests and deportations which were instigated by Mr. Palmer, and which included the wholesale raids made in the month of January, 1920, in some of which I participated.

Some time before the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti on May 5, 1920—just how long before I do not remember—the names of both of them had got on the files of the Department of Justice as radicals to be watched. The Boston files of the Department, including correspondence, would show the date when the names of these men were first brought to the attention of the Department. Both these men were listed in the files as followers or associates of an educated Italian editor named Galleani. Galleani was the publisher of an anarchistic paper. He lived in Wrentham and published his paper, I think, in Lynn. Among other persons associated with Galleani were Carlo Tresca, Carlo Valdanoci, and David Tedesco. The suspicion entertained by the Department of Justice against Sacco and Vanzetti was that they had violated the Selective Service act, and also that they were anarchists or held radical opinions of some sort or other.

A man named Feri Felix Weiss was transferred from the Immigration Bureau to the Department of Justice in Boston in the year 1917, and remained a special agent of that Department in Boston until 1919, I think. He then traveled abroad, and returned in 1920 and opened as a scientific detective and lecturer at 7 Water Street, Boston, with an office on the floor below the floor occupied by the Department of Justice. In 1925 Weiss returned to the Immigration Department at Boston, where he is at the present time.

William J. West, who is now a special agent of the Department of Justice, became such in July or August, 1917. Prior to that he was an immigration inspector with Feri Weiss. Since his appointment as a special agent he has spent most of his time in the Boston office of the Department of Justice, having in charge during the past seven years the so-called Radical Division of the Department of Justice, which has been in operation since about 1917.

During the year 1920 I did a good deal of work in the state of Maine, but was in Boston for several days at least once every two weeks. I have knowledge that the result of the trial before Judge Anderson of the radicals or communists, as we called them, arrested at the time of the raids above referred to, and of the decision of Judge Anderson freeing many of them, and of his criticisms of the Department of Justice, was to make all the agents of the Department of Justice in Boston more cautious afterwards in proceeding against suspected radicals.

Shortly after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti on the charge of the South Braintree murders, meetings began to be held by sympathizers, and I was assigned to attend these meetings and report to the Department the speeches made. We also assigned a certain "under cover" man, as we called them, to win the confidence of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, and to become one of the collectors. This man used to report the proceedings of the committee to the Department agents in Boston, and has said to me that he was in the habit of taking as much money collected for his own use as he saw fit. So far as I know, no evidence was obtained of utterances at any of these meetings which warranted proceedings against anybody. Mr. West was also

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attending meetings of Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers during the same period. The original reports thus obtained were sent to the Washington office of the Department of Justice, and duplicates kept in the Boston office, where I believe they now are. I know that at one time as many as twelve agents of the Department of Justice located in Boston were assigned to cover Sacco-Vanzetti meetings and other radical activities connected with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. No evidence was discovered warranting the institution of proceedings against anybody. I have no present recollection of any activities of the Department of Justice in Boston in connection with the trial of Vanzetti for the alleged Bridgewater robbery; but when the joint trial of Sacco and Vanzetti for the South Braintree murders began in the summer of 1921, the Department of Justice at Boston took an active interest in the matter. I was assigned to cover the trial for the purpose of reporting the proceedings and picking up any information that I could in regard to the radical activities of Sacco and Vanzetti, or of any of their friends. Mr. West also attended the trial for the same purpose. I was not personally in touch with Mr. Katzmann, the District Attorney, or his office, but Mr. West was in touch with them and was giving and obtaining information in regard to the case.

Going back now before the trial, a certain John Ruzzamenti had been informally employed by special agents of the Department of Justice from some time in the year 1917, to furnish information concerning radical activities and evasion of the draft by Italians, and in this connection had made an investigation of Tedesco, above referred to, who was once arrested in consequence of information furnished by Ruzzamenti, but was never tried. During this time Ruzzamenti also worked occasionally for detective agencies. He was well known to Weiss.

I have been informed by Mr. West and believe, and therefore allege, that there was another Italian whom the Department occasionally used for similar purposes, named Carbone, and that he, under an arrangement with the District Attorney, the Sheriff, and Mr. Weiss, was placed in the cell next to the cell of Sacco some time during the year 1920 for the purpose of winning the confidence of Sacco, and thus of obtaining, if he could, incriminating evidence against him, but that no evidence of the sort was obtained by Carbone. The primary purpose of the Department in putting Carbone there was to obtain evidence, if possible, concerning the so-called Wall Street explosion; but it was also hoped that other incriminating evidence might be obtained.

Some time in the early part of the year 1921 I was informed by Ruzzamenti that he had been sent for by Weiss, who was then out of government service, to come on here to help convict Sacco and Vanzetti; that he had seen Katzmann; and that an arrangement had been made by which he was to secure board in the house of Mrs. Sacco and obtain her confidence, and thus obtain information; but that the arrangement had never been carried out, and he had not been paid. I annex to this affidavit photostatic copies of parts of a letter which I identify as in the handwriting of Weiss. [EDITOR'S NOTE: These are omitted.]

Shortly after the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti was concluded I said to Weiss that I did not believe they were the right men, meaning the men who shot the paymaster, and he replied that that might be so, but that they were bad actors and would get what they deserved anyway.

Instructions were received from the Chief of the Bureau of the Department of Justice in Washington from time to time in reference to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. They are on file or should be on file in the Boston office.

The understanding in this case between the agents of the Department of Justice in Boston and the District Attorney followed the usual custom, that the Department of Justice would help the District Attorney to secure a conviction, and that he in turn would help the agents of the Department of Justice to secure information that they might desire. This would include the turning over of any pertinent information by the Department of Justice to the District Attorney. Sacco and Vanzetti were, at least in the opinion of the Boston agents of the Department of Justice, not liable to deportation as draft dodgers, but only as anarchists, and could not be deported as anarchists unless it could be shown that they were believers in anarchy, which is always a difficult thing to show. It usually can only be shown by self-incrimination. The Boston agents believed that these men were anarchists, and hoped to be able to secure the necessary evidence against them from their testimony at their trial for murder to be used in case they were not convicted of murder. There is correspondence between Mr. Katzmann and Mr. West on file in the Boston office of the Department. Mr. West furnished Mr. Katzmann information about the radical activities of Sacco and Vanzetti to be used in their cross-examination.

In the years 1922-1924 Mr. West had working for him as "under cover" or secret operators an Italian and a Syrian or Armenian. The Italian worked as a printer. I do not remember the names of either of them; but I know that he put the Italian in as a linotyper in the office of an Italian newspaper in Boston as a spy. The Syrian or Armenian is the man to whom I have referred above as having become a collector for the committee.

From my investigation, combined with the investigation made by the other agents of the Department in Boston, I am convinced not only that these men had violated the Selective Service rules and regulations and evaded the draft, but that they were anarchists, and that they ought to have been deported. By calling these men anarchists I do not mean necessarily that they were inclined to violence, nor do I understand all the different meanings that different people would attach to the word "anarchist." What I mean is that I think they did not believe in organized government or in private property. But I am also thoroughly convinced, and always have been, and I believe that is and always has been the opinion of such Boston agents of the Department of Justice as had any knowledge on the subject, that these men had nothing whatever to do with the South Braintree murders, and that their conviction was the result of coöperation between the Boston agents of the Department of Justice and the District Attorney. It was the general opinion of the Boston agents of the Department of Justice having knowledge of the affair that the South Braintree crime was committed by a gang of professional highwaymen.

I annex hereto a picture of Mr. Feri Felix Weiss printed on the outside of one of his advertisements. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Omitted.] *Signed* FRED J. WEYAND.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

Suffolk, ss. Boston, July 1, 1926

Then personally appeared the above named Fred J. Weyand and made oath that the foregoing statement subscribed by him is true, except such statements as are expressed to be made upon information and belief, which statements he believes to be true. Before me,

Signed WILLIAM G. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace.

My commission expires March 3, 1927.

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III

Letter

from William G. Thompson to the Attorney General of the United States.

July 3, 1926

Hon. John G. Sargent,
Attorney-General of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

At the suggestion of Senator Butler I am writing you to inquire whether Mr. William J. West, now a special agent of the Department of Justice in Boston, may be authorized to talk with me concerning the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and to show me whatever documents and correspondence are on file in his office dealing with the investigation made by the Boston agents before, during and after the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, which occurred in June and July, 1921.

On July 1, 1926, I took an affidavit of Mr. Fred J. Weyand, who was a special agent of the Department in Boston both before, during, and after the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, but is now a special agent of the Attorney General's office of the state of Maine. His affidavit tends to indicate that there was close coöperation between the Boston agents of the Department, especially Mr. West, and Mr. Katzmann, the District Attorney, in the prosecution of Sacco and Vanzetti, and also that there was at least considerable doubt in the minds of some of the local agents of the Department whether Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of murder, or merely of being radicals. Mr. Weyand refers to correspondence and reports, the originals or duplicates of which are still on file in the Boston office. It would be of great assistance to me in establishing what I believe to be the truth in this matter if I might have access to those files.

For your information I will say that the present motion for a new trial is based upon the confession of one Celestino F. Madeiros made at the Dedham Jail in November, 1925, to the effect that he and his associates, and not Sacco and Vanzetti, are the men who committed these murders. One Weeks, an associate of Madeiros in a subsequent murder committed in Wrentham in November, 1924, has made an affidavit stating that Madeiros several times told him about the South Braintree crime, and implicated members of the so-called "Morelli gang" of Providence, or some of them, as his associates in that crime. Madeiros himself subsequently stated to me some of the details of the crime, and afterwards swore to the statement, which has been filed as an affidavit. On June 28, 1926, his deposition was taken on direct and cross interrogatories at the Dedham Jail, and on July 2, 1926 he was sentenced to death in the week beginning September 8 next for the murder of Mr. Carpenter at the Wrentham Bank in November, 1924. He has steadily refused to disclose the identity of his associates in the South Braintree crime, but has repeatedly confessed to personal participation in the crime.

I did not come into this case until after the trial, but I did argue in the Supreme Court of this state the exceptions of the defendants taken at the trial and to the overruling of certain subsequent motions. A study of the testimony and of the affidavits obtained by myself and associates in support of the present motion and consideration of the whole case, has led me to believe that these two men, although radicals, and possibly proper subjects for deportation under the existing laws, had nothing to do with the South Braintree murders, and that their execution for those murders would be and would be regarded by very large numbers of persons in this country and throughout the world as being not only a miscarriage of justice, but as in effect a punishment of these men for their opinions. I need hardly say that I have no sympathy with their radical opinions; but I feel that it is of the utmost importance that the whole truth in reference to the specific crime of which they are accused should be disclosed.

Respectfully yours,
Signed William G. Thompson.

IV

Affidavit

by William G. Thompson, attorney for Sacco and Vanzetti.

* * * * * *

I further state that on July 3, 1926, I wrote to the Hon. John G. Sargent, Attorney General of the United States, stating that I had obtained an affidavit from Fred J. Weyand, a former special agent of the Department of Justice in Boston, which seemed to indicate coöperation between the Boston special agents and the District Attorney in the prosecution of Sacco and Vanzetti for murder, and asking him to instruct Mr. William J. West, now a special agent of the Department in Boston, to give me whatever information he possessed about this matter, and to show me whatever documents and correspondence were on file in his office dealing with the investigation made by the Department agents in Boston before, during, and after the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti. I received no reply to this letter. I am prepared to file a copy of the letter if requested so to do. [Editor's Note: Letter put in evidence and quoted above.]

On July 13, 1926, however, Mr. Dowd, the Agent in charge of the Boston Branch of the Department of Justice, called me on the telephone and stated that although he had no personal knowledge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, having been appointed comparatively recently, he had been instructed by the Attorney General to "get in touch with me," and to interview me, accompanied by Mr. West, for the purpose of ascertaining what I wanted. I replied that what I wanted had been accurately stated in my letter of July 3 to the Attorney General, and I repeated it, namely, that I wanted truthful answers to such questions as I might see fit to put to Mr. West concerning the connection of the Boston agency of the Department of Justice with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and an inspection of all letters and other documents on file in the Boston office relating to that case. He stated that he had no authority either to permit Mr. West to give me the information desired or to show me any papers whatever. I then stated that under those circumstances I did not desire to confer with him as it appeared that what he was seeking was in effect not to give information, but to obtain it from me.

On the next day, July 14, thinking that perhaps I had not appreciated the entire purpose of Mr. Dowd, I called him again, and asked him what he meant. He made the statement to me that he had made on the day before, and I again stated that under those circumstances I did not care to confer with him. I stated to him in general the contents of the affidavits of Messrs. Weyand and Letherman, and added that I thought it strange that the Department of Justice should think it good policy, or con-

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sistent with fair dealing, to put itself in the position of secreting or holding back evidence that might show that two men had been unjustly convicted, whatever else it might show about the conduct and motives of the Boston agents of the Department of Justice and of the superiors under whose instructions they acted. Mr. Dowd replied that it was not for him to judge of such matters, and that all he could do was to follow his instructions, and not to exceed them.

Signed WILLIAM G. THOMPSON.

V

EXTRACT

from the argument to the Court by William G. Thompson, attorney for Sacco and Vanzetti.

What do we find? We find a fact so infinitely more important than all the affidavits of Madeiros and the Morellis that it stares us right in the face. We find the affidavits of Letherman and Weyand, unattacked, unanswered in any way at all, with an application, supported in the strongest manner and made to the United States government, to have these men disclose their documents that we say were there, and are there, if not secreted. You never in the world can convince the common sense of mankind that it is justifiable to send two men to the electric chair when it stands unanswered and uncontradicted in the case that there is documentary evidence in the possession of the national government having the greatest possible bearing on the innocence of these men and the methods by which they were entrapped and they refuse to produce it.

If I were not counsel in this case, a mere member of the bar sitting here and somebody else tried this case, and that man should forget to mention that fact, I should be tempted, as an American citizen having some regard for the honor of my country and its reputation in foreign lands, to beg and beseech this Court to think twice before refusing a new trial where the situation is such as this here.

. . . I rest my case on all these affidavits, on the other five propositions that I have argued, but if they all fail, and I cannot see how they can, I rest my case on that rock alone, on the sixth proposition in my brief—innocent or guilty, good or bad, right or wrong, foolish or wise men —these men ought not now to be sentenced to death for this crime as long as they have a right to say, "The government of this great country put spies in my cell, planned to put spies in my wife's house, to put spies on my friends, to take money they were collecting to defend me and put it in their own pocket and joke about it and say they don't believe I am guilty but they will help convict me, because they could not get enough evidence to deport me under the laws of Congress, and were willing as one of them continually said to adopt the method of killing me for murder as one way to get rid of me."

VI

EXTRACT

from the argument to the Court by District Attorney Ranney.

But what of Letherman and Weyand? There is one outstanding thing to notice about both these affidavits from the start. Your Honor knows the formation, the construction and the workings of the Department of Justice, that great department centred in Washington with branches all over this country. That is the police force, the police detective force, fundamentally, of the United States government, without which we might have rebellion and revolution in this country—a necessary arm of perhaps the greatest department in our government. Your Honor knows that in all police departments, in all detective departments, secrecy is a watchword, a byword—"Do not betray the secrets of your department." And if the secrets were broadcast, what would be the result? There would be no crime detected and punished. And yet Letherman and Weyand give their affidavits to these defendants and betray the secrecy of their department. Talk of confidential files and cases that have gone before! Now, we say on the face of it that there is a breach of loyalty, and we wonder if we cannot conscientiously and logically find that these men, not now in the department, did not leave there with honor but with dishonor.

VII

EXTRACT

from the argument in reply to the District Attorney, by William G. Thompson.

. . . What are the secrets which they admit? They have then admitted secrets, have they? There are secrets, are there? I thought there were from the fact it was not denied or contradicted. And I will say to your Honor that a government which has come to value its own secrets more than it does the lives of its citizens has become a tyranny, whether you call it a republic, a monarchy, or anything else. Secrets! Secrets! And he says you should abstain from touching this verdict of your jury because it is so sacred. Would they not have liked to know something about the secrets? The case is admitted by that inadvertent concession. There are, then, secrets to be admitted.

I repel the charge that Mr. Letherman, who is a man who was for twenty-five years in the government service, one of the most respected employes that there ever was in the Post Office Building, and who now holds an important position in the Beacon Trust Company, and Mr. Weyand, who is now in the Attorney General's office of the state of Maine—I repel the charge that those men have done anything wrong in doing this, but on the contrary they have rendered one of the greatest public services that could be rendered. What they have done is to point out and disclose the fact that a condition of affairs, already made public before Judge Anderson, commented upon by the twelve laywers to whom I called your Honor's attention, and common knowledge from one end of the country to the other, applied to this case as well as to many others. That is all they have done.

In the language of Judge Hughes about this very matter, talking about disclosing and betraying secrets—here is Judge Hughes speaking about this in public:

> We cannot afford to ignore the indications that, perhaps to an extent unparalleled in our history, the essentials of liberty are being disregarded. Very recently information has been laid by responsible citizens at the bar of public opinion of violations of personal rights which savor of the worst practices of tyranny,

And it is charged here that two of these men who ventured, in the interest of life and liberty, to point out that those same practices were applied to these two men, that that office is full of documents tending to show the in-

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nocence of these two men and an improper combination, bargain, between the Department of Justice and the local District Attorney—it is charged here that those men have done something wrong.

Is your Honor going to deal in secrets?

CORRESPONDENCE

Newer Ways with Children

SIR: New Republic readers will, I think, be interested to know of a conference "concerning parents" to be held at the Belvedere Hotel, Baltimore, November 30 and December 1, under the auspices of the Child Study Associations of New York and Baltimore. Newer ways with children is the general topic, and among the speakers are to be Dr. Leslie B. Holman and Dr. Esther Richards of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Dr. Frankwood Williams of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, Dr. Patty S. Hill of Teachers College, Columbia, Dr. Florence Bamberger and Dr. Buford Johnson of Johns Hopkins University, Mr. E. M. Sipple of the Park School, Dr. William A. White of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., Dr. Hughes Mearns of New York University, Mrs. Fred M. Stein, Vice-president of the Child Study Association of America, and Mrs. Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, Director.

Among the themes to be treated are: what has mental hygiene to offer childhood at the end of 1926; the difficulties of normal adolescence; the formation of life patterns; the understanding parent; the effect of early home education; the aims and ideals of secondary schools; old and new viewpoints of child behavior; the increasing tendency of mental hygiene to focus about the child; the "unknown child." Demonstration classes will also be held, which visitors will be permitted to attend.

New York, N. Y. CORA FLUSSER.

To Improve Industrial Relations

SIR: Your readers may be interested in knowing that the first meeting of the council of the International Association for the Study and Improvement of Human Relations and Conditions in Industry was held in July at the Rigi-Scheidegg, Switzerland. Thirty-five persons from different countries took part in the meeting. These countries were: America, Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Sweden and Switzerland.

The Association was formed as a result of the International Industrial Welfare (Personnel) Congress, held at Flushing, Holland, in June, 1925. The council made plans for the next International Congress on Industrial Relations to be held in the summer of 1928 in England. For 1927 a summer school has been planned to be held for a week in June in Italy, probably at the Italian Lakes. The subject for study will be the elimination of unnecessary fatigue in industry.

In addition to the meetings of the council dealing with the organization, a general discussion was held on the subject of the development of scientific methods in industry and their effect on those taking part. This was introduced by Lillian M. Gilbreth, Ph.D., Consulting Engineer, Montclair, New Jersey. Stress was laid on the development of the human sciences in industry and the necessity for their coördination. It was suggested that other needs of the present time include an adequate philosophy of work, and a restatement and restudy of economic theory demonstrating that labor is no longer a commodity and that increased output is beneficial to all alike. Great emphasis was laid on the need for coöperation on the part of the worker, no matter what the type of study might be. It was felt that the great task of the association might well be in investigating first hand and reporting existing conditions in industry so far as the human element is concerned, and making clear exactly what exists, how changes are being made and why they are advantageous or not.

The feeling of the meeting expressed itself in the following resolutions:

"Scientific Management" is only really "scientific" in so far as it takes every industrial factor into consideration, emphasis being placed on the human factor.

It is an essential duty of Industry to eliminate all unnecessary fatigue.

Industrial welfare work should always go hand in hand with factory legislation and inspection, the establishing and maintaining of good working conditions being a first charge on Industry.

New York, N. Y. LOUISE C. ODENCRANTZ.

Contributors

J. M. KEYNES, English economist, is editor of the Economic Journal and author of Economic Consequences of the Peace.

STUART CHASE, author of The Tragedy of Waste, is a member of the Labor Bureau of New York.

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN, Ph. D., author of Religious Experience and Scientific Method, is a professor at Occidental College.

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The New
REPUBLIC

Fall Literary Section

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Who Murdered Russia?

Les Alliés contre la Russie. Avant, pendant et après la guerre mondiale. Par A. Zaiontchkovsky, A. Anders, V. Egerieff et E. Schvede, S. Loukirsky, A. Stahl, P. Bykoff, V. Novitzky, A. Bazarevsky, P. Zakharoff, C. M. Bontch-Grouevitch, A. Snessareff, F. Kostiaeff, M. Svetchnikoff, N. Kakourine, Slachtcheff. Preface de Victor Margueritte. Paris: André Delpeuch. Prix: 18 francs.

WHO murdered Russia?

Following 1891 France and Russia drew closer and closer together. In that year the first move was made toward what grew into the most important political and military alliance in modern times. Russian foreign policy was and continued to be conditioned by her ambitions in the Balkans and by her desire to control Constantinople. French foreign policy was dominated by a fear of Germany, a fear which later, particularly under Poincaré, turned into a definite policy of revanche. The "natural" enemy of Russia was Austria; of France, Germany. Neither country had any immediate reason to fear or abhor the enemy of the other. To the Russian leaders it became apparent that their aims could not be attained unaided or by purely political means. The French knew that they could not hope to eliminate Germany without outside help. Both countries were, therefore, ripe for alliance. Neither entered into the subsequent arrangements with reluctance.

This book, as the title implies to some extent, seeks to show that every move, consciously or in result, made by the Allies as they were subsequently constituted, and France in particular, was to the detriment of Russia. The authors are ex-officers of the Tsar's army, who, after the War, went over to the Soviet. The book was originally printed in Moscow. From the very beginning of the diplomatic relations France sought to subordinate Russia to her own end, which was the elimination of Germany. She showed little or no interest in Russia's aims and needs. France's aim was to dominate Russia and use her as an efficient tool. In the beginning Russia had leaders of sufficient insight and personality, and a position of such great strategic value that she was able to resist the insistent desires of France. At each conference, in 1893-94, 1899, 1900-1, 1906, 1907, etc., the French subtly modified the engagements, every time to the detriment of Russia. This became progressively easier, and went on at a rapid pace following the Russo-Japanese war when Russia was decidedly weakened. France was emboldened by three factors to be more and more insistent: by the Russian failure in the war, by the progress of the Anglo-French alliance, and by the loans she was making to Russia. That she sought her own ends exclusively is evidenced by the fact that she insisted that these loans be chiefly expended on the construction of strategic railways directed, not against Russia's natural enemy, Austria, but against France's enemy, Germany.

Yet even while Russia was becoming more and more subordinated to the ends of France, the French showed themselves to be not at all grateful. (In spite of the fact that everything was working to Russia's destruction, she kept the interests of both parties most firmly in mind.) During the Russo-Japanese war France not only was quiescent diplomatically, but she also allowed munitions and

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guns to be manufactured in France for the Japanese. She thus contributed directly to the Russian defeat. Furthermore during the Balkan crisis of 1908-1909 France failed to come to Russia's support and Russia was consequently obliged to retreat in a manner very damaging to her prestige. On the other hand during the Morocco crisis of 1911 Russia brought pressure on Germany, forcing a conclusion of the episode decidedly to the advantage of France. In every way the alliance was unilateral. The only beneficiary was France.

Once the War was precipitated everything continued to work to the detriment of Russia. The fundamental strategic principle that dominated the General Staffs in the pre-war period was the necessity of striking a decisive blow at the earliest possible moment. This necessitated the rapid mobilization of an army superior to the enemy's. The military establishment of England was not designed to supply an army of any value in continental warfare. She, therefore, was decidedly remiss, for her alliances contemplated that end. France, on the other hand, had a satisfactory military establishment, and should have realized the desired end. Russia's army was of course enormous. But once the War was precipitated what happened? England's army was made utterly ridiculous, and of no numerical or strategic importance. France failed to utilize her power by not mobilizing with sufficient rapidity. The consequence was that the Allied powers in the West found themselves at the mercy of Germany. In addition both the French and the English failed to handle the matter of concentration of their armies with anything like intelligence. For years the Allied powers had realized that Germany must necessarily and certainly invade France through Belgium. They had planned campaigns with that idea in mind. But when the War came neither France nor England placed their armies with that fact in mind, and consequently lost time and power of opposition by rapid but unplanned shifting of position. The total result of this bungling was that Russia was called upon to save her Western allies. She did this at the sacrifice of her own interests. Her normal move was to attack her own enemy, Austria, merely "holding" Germany. But at the prayer of France she launched an offensive in East Prussia that was ill planned, ill advised, but which did save France from the inevitable result of her stupidity. Throughout the War Russia's army was similarly used to relieve pressure on the Western front. She was never allowed to pursue her own interests. Furthermore Russia was badly equipped and consequently unable to fight in a modern fashion against the enemy. She had to substitute man power for modern mechanical opposition. Neither France nor England supplied her with arms and supplies in a fashion at all commensurate with their potential power to do so. The English did rather better than France in this respect, but their efforts were chiefly confined to getting Russia credit in the United States.

The importance of the Russian front has been testified to by the German military men, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Falkenhayn, etc. From their memoirs it is clearly obvious that Russia strictly conditioned every move of the Central Powers. Nevertheless she was definitely subordinated to the aims of her Western allies. At the behest of the Italians she was persuaded to launch an offensive in Galicia, which halted the Austrian successes in the Trentino in 1916. She accepted the disastrous results of the entrance of Rumania into the War, when the argument of political advantage was advanced. The Rumanian episode is a particularly glaring example of Allied callousness. Rumania was ill prepared for war politically, economically and militarily. The Germans sought to keep her neutral. The Western Allies were not in a position to help her in any way. The whole burden was thrown on Russia. But Russia was exceedingly feeble, barely able to hold up her own head. She had to extend her already enormously long battle line, to undertake to bolster up the feeble Rumanian army, helped only by a few supplies that reached her by way of Vladivostok. Yet in spite of all these difficulties she did succeed in temporarily relieving pressure on the Western front, stopping the German attack on Verdun, by an offensive against Austria from Rumania. But it was a death effort of a dying nation.

Yet when Russia withdrew from the War in 1917 the cry went up that she was murdering her allies. This accusation was hurled against a nation whose losses in men killed, in diminution of the number of births, in heightening of the mortality rate, amounted to 68 percent of the total losses sustained by France, England and Russia combined. Her associates entirely ignored the fact that Russia was an exhausted nation. The provisional government made the fatal error of seeking to continue the War in the face of this condition. The Russian masses were opposed to further war. The authors of this monograph point out that Russia did not have the propagandist technique to keep up a war fever; it had not been developed before the War, and was not during the War. In the face of passive opposition any government was helpless. Consequently the Bolsheviks came to power easily with the cry, "Peace and Bread!" Yet even so Russia's withdrawal was not swiftly disastrous to the Allies. The Germans were forced to keep large numbers of troops on the Russian front because of the uncertainty of the situation. The negotiators at Brest-Litovsk sought to prevent the utilization of any of the troops during the conference. And finally most of the German troops were sent to some front other than the French, because their morale was so far undermined by Russian propaganda.

After the conclusion of the War which was won by the Allies only because of the stupendous services rendered by Russia to her own disaster, her erstwhile friends turned upon her and brought new troubles and losses by precipitating civil wars, and by direct invasion under the pretext of establishing stable government. In these moves France took the lead and was most insistent in her opposition, England running a poor second, and the other Allies contributing little. Though various altruistic motives were assigned for these moves the fundamental one was economic. The Allies sought further to cripple Russia by depriving her of the use of her rich natural resources. The anti-Bolshevik moves continued the assault on the already terribly lacerated Russia. In every case in addition to the losses occasioned by the military manœuvres, greater losses were brought about through the economic dislocations incident to the loss of access to natural resources. In the south particularly France and Britain were quite obviously out to control the grain, coal, oil, naptha and cotton as much as they were interested in the form of government Russia chose to have. And the imperialistic bias of all of the affairs is further illustrated by the fact that the Allies sought to control every government they helped set up by holding a strategic resource like the railroads, as in China, say. And that they cared nothing for Russia is proven by their uniform effort to subordinate all the "white" leaders they supported to their own military and civil officials. They sought permanently to cripple a power potentially as dangerous to their aims as the one just eliminated. It is

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undoubtedly miraculous that Russia succeeded in defeating every move made by her enemies.

Victor Margueritte points out in the preface that this book is strongly nationalistic, and consequently to be followed with caution. But he also points out that it is made marvelously strong by the citation of incontrovertible facts, and by the presentation of supporting documents of high significance. Also it is well to recall in reading it that these happenings so disastrous to Russia were discovered to be so long after their incidence, and like all ex post facto arguments these arguments must be accepted very cautiously. Probably the most obviously perilous position taken by any of the authors is that of M. Zaiontchkovsky who recounts the history of the Franco-Russian alliance. To be sure the documents he cites tend to prove his position. But he ignores the activities of Russians like Isvolsky who sought to engage France in an ever more intimate alliance. Poincaré, it will be remembered, was emphatic in the beginning in saying that France could never be carried into a war originating in the Balkans. He was only gradually brought around to Russia's position. And the support of the French people for Russia's Balkan policy was only won through the propaganda of a bribed press. Furthermore, these writers ignore the fact that Russia passionately wanted war—Isvolsky, Sazanov, the Tsar and the military leaders—and was willing to risk a great deal if there was the slightest possibility of gaining her ends. Russia, like France, sought ends that could only be realized through world war. She was therefore ready to make concessions that later turned out so disastrously. It should not be forgotten either that Russia, with the secret but firm support of France, was the first nation to declare war, thereby taking the responsibility of precipitating the whole débâcle. Russia, additionally, was most severely damaged of all parties, because of the lack of usable means of communication, by the national egoism of her associates. Nevertheless there remains an indestructible residuum of facts and documents that unquestionably go to prove the thesis of the book: that Russia was the victim of Anglo-French imperialism, particularly the French.

In 1867 Dostoyevsky wrote: "I did not believe in Europe, that is, I believed that its moral influence would be a very bad one." Events during the last sixty years have given additional cogency to Dostoyevsky's remark. His words might well sum up the attitude of a large part of the Russian people today. On the evidence presented in this book, it is apparent that the Allies were one party to the murder of Russia. The other party was cosmic circumstance.

C. Hartley Grattan.

Stendhal

The Charterhouse of Parma, by Henri Beyle (de Stendhal). Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. New York: Boni and Liveright. 2 vols. $5.

The Abbess of Castro and Other Stories, by Henri Beyle (de Stendhal). Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

EVERYONE ought to have read Stendhal, of course. Is he not the father of the French novel, the man who wrote of his Europe with a Napoleonic pen, an early and profound psychologist, a great stylist, etc.? So we have heard since we were old enough to listen. It is a rare and extraordinary pleasure, then, to have neglected him for years, suddenly to start reading him from a sense of dutiful curiosity and also because C. K. Scott-Moncrieff is translating him and, once fairly in the middle of him, to forget everything one has heard before and go about shouting the discovery that here at last is the real thing, a long-lost master, whom it was criminal to have hidden so long from us; a genius, an Atlantis, a continent, a hemisphere, capable of putting all modern novels (i. e., since 1920) in the shade, the undoubted parent of French fiction, Proust's spiritual ancestor, the most profound of stylists, the greatest of psychologists, an immortal literary Napoleon. . . .

Rouge et Noir, La Chartreuse de Parme, L'Abbesse de Castro, the shorter stories—what a vast territory they are in themselves, and how much does gradual exploration of them make one want, not only to reëxplore them, but to penetrate beyond them to the unknown inland, less rewarding probably, yet certainly inviting, of Stendhal the critic, Stendhal the author of a book about love, Stendhal the man himself. One simple fact can lead to endless conjecture, inspires insatiable curiosity: La Chartreuse de Parme, a novel of surely not less than two hundred thousand words, was written in less than seven weeks. Physically, this is a remarkable feat, but what constancy of mind, what depth of imaginative soil it implies! It is a fact in keeping with the impression Stendhal gives of having, in reserve, much more than he ever visibly spends, of hiding, without miserliness, behind each astonishing cascade, great lakes of wisdom and observation, of holding back, for no reason, an army of characters he could write about if he would, of not even sharing with his readers many things that must have been said, seen and done, with his full knowledge and consent, by the characters he does write about. Embarras de richesse—a perpetual choice between riches, but no embarrassment, no afterglance at what remained unchosen, above all, no drilling of the riches he is going to use into the most presentable order. He did not shepherd his people or his incidents jealously, lest they get away from him into actions or places where they do not belong; one usually has a sense that he is following, rather than leading, his narrative with a carefree eye, and is secretly amused when it takes a turn to the left instead of to the right. This is permitted only to those blessed with an abundant spirit.

Stendhal's is a curious wealth, curiously spent; it is not an easy, prodigal, tumbling abundance, like Rabelais, nor is it Tolstoy's conscientious omnipotence over his creations; it is at once sardonic, light-hearted, inexhaustible and cool. It has many moods, many tempi, flowing with accidental inevitability, like a steep brook, into the sea. The mood of this page will fade, imperceptibly, or change, suddenly, into a different mood on the next. A certain event will be told, perhaps, with the most searching, voracious detail; a little later, half-a-dozen events of no less, or even greater importance to the story will be crowded into a paragraph. Here we find a conversation, pages long, to which our attention is for some inscrutable reason emphatically called; elsewhere, with no warning, a few words account for the passage of six years' time; or there is dropped at our feet, like a pebble, small and solid, news of a momentous death, without so much as a hint of "you didn't expect that, did you? Well, neither did I" between the lines. And has anyone else ever combined Stendhal's long unraveling of psychological mysteries with his swift simplicity—like the bare literalness of an old chronicle?

The three books I have mentioned are in many ways quite dissimilar, but they have one thing in common, a

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trait which is most noticeable when Stendhal is writing about times nearer his own. They are not "slices of life" in the usual literary meaning of that overworked phrase, at all; nor are they products of imagination, but a curious hybrid of both, amalgam turned out by a mind with acute powers of seeing life as it is, and acuter powers of making it over into something a little different. There is no attempt here to seize a moment, an atmosphere, a period in history and fix it on a page, nor any attempt to get away from the actual into something else. We can never know how Stendhal's picture of his times would have struck us, if we could have been his contemporaries, and all we can say now is, rather foolishly, that it seems to be a faithful picture. Any good picture is faithful to something, internal or external to its creator, and it is impossible to estimate either how much Stendhal did to his times, or how much they did to him. Evidently the times were much with him: only a fraction of the high sarcasm and the copious satire can mean to us all it was intended to, except as it applies to human beings as such rather than to inhabitants of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Stendhal's attitude towards his characters, so often sarcastic, so independent of them, is at times puzzling. Now and then one finds in his handling of them a faint, amused malevolence, elsewhere he is gaily observant, or he tears out the inside of their souls with the thoroughness of a watch-maker examining an intricate but deficient timepiece. Never has one the feeling that he loves these creatures of his, on whom he lavishes so much attention. If we become attached to them ourselves, and take sides with them against him, a little resentful of his dismissals, gaps and sudden carelessnesses, it is quite in spite of him. Curiosity he has, yes, and tolerance, but little affection. He sends Julien Sorel to his death with light-hearted caprice; it is not, the romantic novel reader in us protests, a logical or necessary death—the book might have ended in a number of different ways. Why did he choose this way of ending it? Why does he seem to get tired of telling us about Fabrizio del Dorigo, whose story might have gone on indefinitely, and, cramming the last events into a few pages, pack him off at the end to the Chartreuse of Parma, which has never been mentioned before? One is often tempted to be annoyed with Stendhal, quite unreasonably, but in retrospect one would not wish him to be otherwise. If one's grosser human sympathies are occasionally outraged, one's respect for him as an artist is somehow not thereby lessened. Stendhal is a romantic novelist, who lacks some of those feelings which feed romance in his readers' breasts. For he is not in the least a slave to his own romantic creations, but a despot, easily amused, and as easily bored.

Among the many moods which seized upon Stendhal as he wrote these stories, are found impish ill-will, cold-blooded dissection, exhaustive, ramified, detailed intrigue, semi-farcical mockery, sheer story-telling adventure, emotional excitement, and almost never anything that could be called warm-hearted sympathy. I call them moods, because his manner of presenting a particular occurrence seems to be dictated by his own delightfully unpredictable whim far more than by the demands of the situation. Among these moods, one in particular stands out in strange contrast. Suddenly, upon a character, an event, there descends, like calm after storm, a lucid, melancholy serenity, like memories of childhood, or an almost religious contemplation. Such a tender peace falls upon Fabrizio when he revisits his father's castle, and watches the villagers, the lake, the bright happy little world in which he cannot take part, from his hiding-place in the bell-tower. It falls, once more, on Fabrizio while he is in prison at Parma, it falls also upon Lucien before his execution, but it never falls upon anyone again.

ROBERT LITTELL.

A Poet on the Defensive

Poetry and Criticism, by Edith Sitwell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 37 pages. $1.50.

MISS SITWELL before the mirror in remote Shalott has had her equanimity disturbed by the critics of this world. She has permitted herself the pleasure of a counterblast distinguished in style, but whose irony at times is injured by a passion resembling ill temper.

Her apology for the new poetry is able if not convincing, and it is written in a manner which demands respect. She thinks that what may be called the poetic policy of her school has been the object of illiterate attack, because her group has abandoned the tradition of Wordsworthian simplicity and reverted to the more elaborate methods of the seventeenth century. This she contends was necessary because Wordsworthian simplicity has degenerated into mere dullness. She goes on to explain in what manner the seventeenth century system has been anew developed. To put it roughly, forward-looking contemporary poets in general prefer to describe the objects of one sense in the terms of another. So heightened are their sensibilities that they smell sound and see taste. We are of the opinion that they see uncommon little taste nowadays. Be that as it may the family resemblance to the poetry of wit of Donne and Cowley is clear enough. But the reviewer must point out that Donne is read in spite of his abominable conceits and Cowley is hardly read at all because of them. Cultivated opinion has already damned the far-fetched similes of The Mistress, and the writer believes that the extravagant metaphor which appears to be an article of Miss Sitwell's faith must pass under a like condemnation.

Beside defending the revamped conceit, Miss Sitwell holds a brief for "abstract patterns of words"—for Miss Gertrude Stein, in short. Writers of weight like Mr. Sherwood Anderson are of the same opinion. In Wonderland Alice considered that a cat without a grin was commonplace enough, but a grin without a cat was a bit thick. Miss Sitwell believes in that metaphysical grin. But the fact remains that for solid satisfaction weak humanity requires both the grin and the cat. And I fear that here once again cultivated opinion will find against her.

Unconsciously Miss Sitwell has perhaps said a harsher thing about her school than all the worthies might have said. She has explained a poem which to the uninitiated is certainly a bit vague. It is a perfect explanation. Nothing inexplicable remains. There is no golden residuum after her analysis. Read her exegesis of Jane, Jane, if you do not believe me. No more pitiable example of ability sacrificed to theory has come my way in a long time.

That in fact is the trouble. The life goes out of schools quickly that bother much about their manner. Great men are great because they somehow shine through the manneristic excrescences that belong to a time. If the poets whom Miss Sitwell defends have that shining in them, it does not matter one shake of a goosequill whether or no they abandoned the Wordsworthian tradition, or what private eccentricity they may have permitted themselves to expatiate on in public.

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The most immortal thing that man has yet invented will see to that. That linkéd thought which ties the generations together is the ultimate judge. Cultivated opinion in its own time selects or ignores. In dark ages or bright it goes on. The greatest critic that ever lived was only one who tried to guess what the verdict would be. Lesser critics do not even try. Why then does Miss Sitwell worry about them? Wrongheaded and pedantic as I believe her school to be, she is trying to do something beautiful and hard. Even if she fails, she is more important than those negative and ululating voices that howl detraction. And to rail back at them is beneath her powers.

Poetry is hard to write. We think the shadows that Miss Sitwell sees in her mirror do not assist her in her difficult task. Her talent, her gift for phrase, and the passion which will flash on the pages of the family of poets to which she belongs would have greater scope, if that mirror cracked from side to side. We believe that in her inmost soul she is half sick of shadows.

LEONARD BACON.

Forerunners of the Little Theatre

Forerunners of the Little Theatre, by Samuel M. Waxman. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 247 pages. $3.

A BOOK on Antoine and the Free Theatre was needed in this country. Thalasso's account in French is not very good and, owing to the prevalence of the Little Theatre movement in America, there has been special need in recent years for a good treatment in English of Antoine's famous enterprise, which influenced so markedly the modern French theatre and which has been the pioneer, and often the model, of similar movements in other countries. Without such a book there was distinct danger that American enthusiasts, and certain critics, would make new discoveries out of ancient history.

Professor Waxman has, on the whole, performed his important task well. He has made use of valuable new material, in the personal reminiscences and collections of Antoine, and he has presented it in a clear, readable manner and usually with judicious choice. In general the treatment of his actual subject is competent and is guided by a wide knowledge and extensive reading in the particular period in question. Perhaps he often leans too far in his sympathies with the views of the Naturalists, but he never completely loses his balance. Moreover this Naturalistic experiment needed exposition by a sane enthusiast, who was favorable to, but not of, the movement. Most of its sane critics have not been enthusiasts, and most of its active disciples were, alas! none too sane.

The best chapters are those which deal with Antoine's early life and training, his struggles in establishing the Théâtre Libre, and his tenacity in clinging to his ideas. No one else has brought out so clearly his valuable apprenticeship as an actor and manager and his very definite purpose as a reformer of theatrical technique. This is undoubtedly his real force. He was not a theorist and his aims were precise and limited, and really all dictated by his experience as actor and manager. He believed that the acting and presentation of plays should be reformed completely in the direction of greater naturalness, and that the authors who adopted a technique suitable for such non-rhetorical performance should be given a chance. Perhaps the rest of his affinity with the Naturalists was incidental, or at most due to a taste that was unconscious. Idealism too often led away from the simplicity of tone he sought in acting, and he seems unconscious of much of the vulgarity and even indecency of Naturalism.

Important lessons for promoters of our Little Theatres are made clear in this treatment. Antoine is shown at all times holding fast to his project of a limited reform, and to his intention to make his theatre a laboratory for new plays and authors. Only two performances of any play, however successful, were permitted. This freedom from the influence of commercialism is in fact unique. Antoine was not even embarrassed, as Little Theatre movements sometimes are, by the influence of endowments or wealthy patrons. He succeeded really by means of financial failure. His greatest personal asset, perhaps, was his indifference to debt, an indifference limited only by the possibilities of obtaining credit. When he quit the Théâtre Libre, the venture owed 100,000 francs as a monument to the uncommercial manager, and when he left as manager of the National Theatre of the Odéon, where he had the credit of the state behind him, the debt was colossal. Also his disciples, actors and authors, were forced to share his unselfish devotion to art; as a rule gold and silver had he none, even for them.

The light thrown on other authors or figures of this movement is naturally more incidental, and in some cases illuminates less felicitously. With the smaller figures of the Théâtre Libre proper, such as Georges Ancey, Jean Jullien and Paul Alexis, this minor light is sufficient for their merits, if not for their faults, but outstanding dramatists, such as Curel and Brieux, are obscured by the attempt to force them too much into the Naturalistic mold, and important authors, such as Balzac and Zola, are made to cast unnaturally large and vague dramatic shadows. Perhaps Zola, who really did have much influence on Naturalistic drama, is the best presented of these, but with the space given him, more might have been said of his incomprehension and dullness as a dramatic critic.

The serious criticisms possible are on parts of the book that are not necessary to it, and which would have been better omitted, unless the scope of the work were greatly enlarged. This statement applies especially to the first chapter, on the forerunners of the Théâtre Libre, and also, although somewhat less certainly, to Chapter II, on Henri Becque. In these chapters objections might well be made to numerous statements. For example, "Zola and Antoine had more influence on the French drama of the nineteenth century than any other two men." More than Scribe and Dumas fils or Becque? Besides much of their influence is in the twentieth century.

Likewise, it is certainly a hazardous statement to make Musset a source for one of the main currents of modern French drama. Worthy as he is of all praise, his dramatic influence is comparatively slight. Zola praised both Molière and Musset but suggests neither. And to prove that the main stream of dramatic evolution, for the realistic stage, passed from Musset to Zola through Balzac, the Goncourts, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and Daudet, would demand more than a chapter; it would call for books, which can, probably, never be written.

But these objections, and others that might be made, do not apply to the main theme of the book, and only show that the author has invited unnecessary criticism by attaching these preliminary chapters. The real subject is well treated, and the book should be read by all who are inter-

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ested in the present-day French theatre; certainly by all who presume to write of French drama. Becque, Antoine and the Théâtre Libre mark a turning point in the development of the French stage; from that time Scribe and Sardou were definitively left behind.

HUGH A. SMITH.

Religious Reformation or Revolution?

Progressive Christianity, by William A. Vrooman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 377 pages. $2.50.

THIS volume will be of interest to all who seek a popular and readable introduction to liberal religious thought. Almost two-thirds of its three hundred and seventy seven pages are taken up with quotations from two hundred and fifty and more writers. It might well be called a source-book of liberal religious opinion. These citations are made without comment, critical or otherwise. On one page Buddha, Romain Rolland, Rabindrinath Tagore, Annie Besant and Prof. James B. Pratt amicably unite to further the author's thought. The writer seems to think that the multitudinous voices of a great cloud of witnesses will bring conviction. This plethora of citations lends to his pages a certain bizarre appearance not unlike the crazy-quilts of our grandmothers. This is unfortunate for when the writer wishes he can express himself clearly and independently.

Throughout some fifteen chapters, dealing with the religion of Jesus, creed, atonement, faith, the Bible, the Trinity, evolution, science and religion, the Christ of the creeds and of progressive Christianity, the writer traverses ground long made familiar to us by a host of liberal theologians, from whom he quotes freely. In a chapter on The Second Reformation he formulate his own point of view. Historic Christianity, he thinks, has set up "three barriers" (why barriers?) to the kingdom of God, the sacramental, the theological and the moral. Two of these are outworn. The Protestant Reformation broke down the barrier of sacrament and priest but did not touch the theological barrier of orthodox belief. The second reformation, now under way, seeks to remove the theological barrier, making the teachings and example of Jesus the sole test of Christianity.

The second reformation seeks two things, intellectual liberty and social betterment. Inspiration and the measure of values are provided by Jesus and the prophets, facts and methodology by the social sciences. This involves at least three assumptions: (1) that the teachings of Jesus and the prophets offer material for a moral absolute sufficient for the solution of all our problems; (2) that the social sciences provide us with a body of facts and principles for the realization of this moral ideal among men; (3) that the facts and principles of the social sciences are in harmony with the ethics of Jesus and the prophets. There is no attempt at a philosophical validation of these assumptions, no hint of the problems they suggest. The writer is not a philosopher. He claims to be a theist while naïvely using the language of dynamic pantheism. Josiah Royce, whose philosophy admirably supports his general position, is not mentioned.

The author's position is not new. It has been made familiar to us in the form of the "social gospel" expounded by Rauschenbusch, Peabody, Shailer Matthews and others, Professor Ellwood has ably defended it in his Reconstruction of Religion from which the author quotes frequently and at length. But "progressive Christianity," like progressivism in politics, has lost much of its appeal. One is puzzled somewhat to find an explanation. It may very well be that the author is unequal to the difficult task of rekindling enthusiasm for the "social gospel" among men disillusioned by the World War. The reviewer, however, is inclined to think that the difficulty lies deeper. Traditional liberalism no longer interests us as it did because we feel, especially in the light of the recent fundamentalist controversy, that a much more vital issue is at stake, namely, the nature of religion itself and its place in our modern culture.

The "second reformation" is more like a revolution than a reformation. Fundamentals are being questioned. Modern science and especially comparative religion and psychology have made it clear that until we have determined the nature, function and limitations of the religious imagination it is futile to listen to the quarrel of liberal and fundamentalist. In two of his best chapters on the Christ of the creeds and of progressive Christianity the writer touches on the real issue. He points out that the old Christology rests upon two illusions or fictions of the religious imagination, "the messianic belief of the Jewish seers" and "the Logos doctrine of the Greek thinkers." He rightly insists that liberal religious leaders should no longer hold on to terms that are merely fictions of the religious imagination of another age and devoid of all basis in historical fact. He urges upon the equivocating liberal the alternatives of the old faith or clean-cut Unitarianism.

Who then, we ask, is the Christ of this modernized clean-cut Unitarianism of "progressive Christianity"? Citing James Martineau, the author says, "Jesus of Nazareth... we accept, not indeed as very God, but as the true image of God." That is to say "he was a man like other men, though living godlike and in complete harmony with the will of the Father." Now what is this but turning the historical Jesus into a symbol of the religious imagination by which we represent to ourselves the world of religious values in which God occupies a central place? Is this man who lived "godlike and in complete harmony with the will of the Father" any more of a historical reality than the Messiahs of the Jewish seers or the Logos of the theologians? What can exact historical science tell us of a man who lived "godlike and in complete harmony with the will of the Father"? Nothing. To fill such a rôle Jesus would have to be to all intents and purposes a god as the old faith claims. But Unitarianism denies that he was a god. How then are we to explain such language? The man Jesus has been transformed into a symbol, a fiction of the religious imagination that fits the requirements of a certain type of religious experience. If we realize what we are doing this is entirely legitimate. In fact it may well be doubted whether Jesus has any religious value until we have transformed him into a symbol of the religious imagination. He is certainly a religious symbol in the faith of both fundamentalist and liberal, Trinitarian and Unitarian. Our author really occupies the same ground with the champions of the old faith whom he opposes. Like his opponents he has confounded the historical Jesus with a symbol of the religious imagination that happens to meet his religious needs. The issue between fundamentalist and liberal is after all rather superficial. It is merely a quarrel over different sets of symbols. As comparative religion and psychology give men a deeper insight into the nature of religion what the author calls a "second reformation" may very well develop into a revolution in religious thought with far-reaching effects upon the rôle of religion in the future.

JOHN M. MECKLIN.

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Aunt Hagar's Children

Negro Workaday Songs, by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 278 pages. $3.

Folk-Beliefs of the Southern Negro, by Newbell Niles Puckett. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 644 pages. $5.

Nigger Heaven, by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AS IF crediting his brother with some of his own sanctimony, the white cherishes his own quaint folk-belief that the spirituals stand alone as "the genuine contribution of the Negro to the very small body of indigenous American music." I quote Mr. Mark Sullivan as approvingly quoted by Mr. Olin Downes, but without imputation of sanctimony to either. Of such remarks—involving the alternative theories that the black lives in the church or leaves his faculties in the vestry—the best that can be said is that they were once more nearly true than now, and that in most collections of Negro songs rehashes from Allen's Slave Songs of the United States predominate. Negro Workaday Songs is misnamed: it is a collection of the *words* of songs, but it reveals a pillar of smoke outside the church which let those investigate who doubt that the fire of music is at its base; that something like music, for instance, accompanied such verse as

I got a rainbow, tied all 'roun' my shoulder,
'Tain't gonna rain, Lawd, Lawd, 'tain't gonna rain!

Slavery over, there appeared the wandering black laborer, and met hardships of a new sort. "Clo's all wo', feet on de groun' " he

Walked all de way from ol' East Saint Louis
An' didn't have but one po' lousy dime—

and Heaven, the one solace under the oppression, became replaced for him by *home*. With passion he sang it and its every reminder:

Dat ol' letter, read about dyin'
Boy, did you ever think about dyin'?
Den I can't read it now for cryin',
Tears run down, Lawd, Lawd, tears run down.

Footloose, he could now become a "bad man"; a Dupree, Stagolee, "Long Gone" John, and be hymned by admirers forty years hence; imagine himself a bad man and blow his own horn:

I can cuss, I can cut
I can shoot a nigger up.

Then, finding that with theoretical rights went real responsibilities, he could come up against the awful impersonal authority of the Black Maria, the "Judge an' jury all in de stand, great big lawbooks in deir han'," to wind up, perhaps, the maker of a convict-song which is something perfect of its kind:

I got a gal, you got a gal,
All of us niggers got a gal.

He fool 'roun', I fool 'roun',
All niggers fool 'roun'.

I got a razor, he got a razor,
All us niggers got a razor,

I 'hin' de bars, he 'hin' de bars,
All us niggers 'hin' de bars.

Examples cannot be rounded out here, but, briefly, emancipation gave a horizon to a class whose gaze had till then been almost limited to ground and sky, while over a large portion of that class it weakened the control of a church which frowned on secular expression. New opportunities, responsibilities, troubles, activities, made some phase of life interesting; and (religious influence aside) of what interests him, the unsophisticated Negro still will sing. There attests this collection, compact of wit and observation, of anguish, pride and lust. It slights the musical side, giving the bones of beauty without her flesh. Perhaps partly for this reason it runs, the writer believes, into serious error in defining the "blues," in substance, as any melancholy secular song, instead of as a *form,* as readily recognizable as the limerick, the sonnet, or the hokku. On the other hand, with notable lack of pedantry an admirable exposition is given of the constant and rapidly increasing exchange between Broadway and the folk-singers; while the musician is comforted by a few tunes (but without accompaniments) and a series of phono-photographic records which tell much concerning the Negro voice.

This and countless items in the literature of the Negro are supplemented and enriched by N. N. Puckett's monumental collection of over two thousand racial superstitions. Mr. Van Vechten, for instance, tells in his glossary what the Blue Vein Circle was, Doctor Puckett explains its name, and from him one learns the raison d'être of Heyward's Sons and Daughters of Repent Ye Saith the Lord, of Cohen's Over the River Burying Society, why a new "Creole" show should be called "Goofered," what Sherwood Anderson means when he writes:

The Negroes tell me I'm lucky. I can cure warts . . .

and Alberta Hunter, when she sings:

B'lieve to my soul, dat man's got a black cat's bone.

Through an index rendering the vast store of information practically available, one may learn thirty properties of that powerful staple, red flannel; six of the uneasy connotations of blue gums; what follows if on a Monday one arise late, find a button, ask for credit, dream of a sweetheart—and eat onions next Wednesday—cut one's nails, kill a rooster, meet a cross-eyed woman, sneeze, or marry. Let no white man sniff: such beliefs are "a fossil-bed of European folk-lore," and it is only in the department of voodoo that African survivals—carefully isolated by the author throughout—largely predominate, while a not unpleasant sidelight on character is furnished by the invention and vigorous employment by Negroes of *counter-spells* against ill omens at which whites have passively despaired. On voodoo the author speaks at length and with unique authority: that of a certified though white witch-doctor, who has practiced the art in New Orleans and refused a fee for successfully conjuring, by a most impressive formula, the spinal misery of a black colleague. The comment throughout the book is frequent, happily phrased, and keen. Representing, like Negro Workaday Songs, not only a ransacked library but actual exploration at the sources, it deserves well of American scholarship and even of enough outsiders to be called a public.

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Certain ill and practically formidable incantations in these pages call seriously in question the theory stated in Nigger Heaven

> that Negroes never premeditate murder; their murders are committed under the reign of passion . . .

The generalization, if flattering to the race, as such stands alone in a novel which is no tract. Tending to the conclusion that this is a people of virtues and vices unidentical with those of the white and yet one in need, less of advice and help than a fairway: this is the reader's own conclusion from Mr. Van Vechten's apparently faithful reporting of things observed. Less searching than A Passage to India, Nigger Heaven is yet a notable study of a race laboring under the relentless pressure of prejudice, forced variously under that stress into pride, subterfuge or discouragement and the suicidal secondary traits of self-contempt and hate of its own leaders; a melodramatic tale, being conditioned by that pressure, is rendered suggestive and not implausible. As such a study, and as a picture of a nearby but utterly exotic social scene, it seems more successful than as a story; the dialogue, the soliloquies, sag beneath too heavy a weight of information. The author, for the first time as a writer of fiction, adopts a tone of seriousness which for a while he himself seems to find strange; good taste has suppressed humor at the expense of his characters, a type of humor in which he excels—as he does not at idyllics in Central Park; Mr. Mencken (dragged in, literally, by the ears, for a brilliant scene with the young writer-hero) and the good Campaspe alone among the white characters avoid idiocy, and holding no brief for the color classified by the sceptical Forster as pinko-gray, one nevertheless protests that here the venom directs the pen. Applaud chiefly, therefore, the study, and the picture, with its color, detail and design. This is the guide to Harlem par excellence, a directory of local names and figures reaching out even to reintroduce Walter White's creature Mimi Daquin; an introduction to Negro literature; a photograph-album of cabarets, drawing-rooms, garrets and dives; another reminder, finally, of the way in which its song is woven into the life of the race—of the necessity, by the by, of someone giving us an unbowdlerized collection of such masterpieces as My Daddy Rocks Me. That could be safely and perhaps adequately done, by the brother of the Negro who first sang:

> Ninety-nine ain't no years at all,
> Ninety-nine ain't no years at all—
> I got a brudder, an' he's got dem all.

ABBE NILES.

The Appeal to the Eye

The Pageant of America, Ralph Henry Gabriel, editor. Yale University Press. 15 volumes, $67.50 a set. Volume I, Adventures in the Wilderness, by Clark Wissler, Constance Lindsay Skinner and William Wood, 369 pages; Volume III, Toilers on Land and Sea, by Ralph Henry Gabriel, 340 pages; Volume V, The Epic of Industry, by Malcolm Keir, 329 pages; Volume XI, The American Spirit in Letters, by Stanley Thomas Williams, 329 pages; Volume XIII, The American Spirit in Architecture, by Talbot Faulkner Hamlin, 353 pages.

THERE seems to be a great deal of energy in release from New Haven nowadays. The last ten or twelve years have launched a number of young men from the college who have begun at once to think and talk like grown-ups. On and around the campus new building has transformed the place. The Yale Review has undergone metamorphosis and no one but rejoices at the change. It is rumored that the theatre and the play are receiving fresh attention. American history has been enriched by fifty volumes in series. And now comes The Pageant of America, an immense undertaking in itself.

It is edited and published from Yale and the Yale University Press. It extends to fifteen quarto volumes, five on material development—the wilderness, the frontier, social life, commerce and industry—four on political history, and six on the spirit of America as expressed in idealism, literature, art, architecture, the theatre and sports. A pageant indeed (not the less interesting for its extraordinary omission of pure science, and education) for its peculiar feature is that it is built around some ten thousand pictures to which the text of sixty thousand words per volume is a running obligato.

Five of the fifteen volumes are at hand, and, while each might well be the subject of extended review, the group gives an idea of the possibilities and the limitations of the project. It has been well pursued, for the illustrations are authentic, the reproductions admirable, the type and make-up no less so, and the text prepared by qualified contributors.

Obviously the different divisions of the work are differently susceptible to pictorial presentation. Architecture, already published, and the forthcoming art volume are preeminently fitted for it. Life in the wilderness, on the frontier, at home, on the farm, in the factory, lends itself to visual treatment. This, of course, is particularly true of the applications of power to every kind of machine. On the other hand there is less to be done for history, since the essence of history is not in places or buildings or even men, but in the ideas that dominated the men and stabilized or revolutionized the periods in which they took shape. A picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence or of the surrender at Appomatox, after all affords little information. And the pictorial treatment of literature has about as much value as an oral description of a concert, with ample reference to the people in the boxes and the conversation in the intermission.

In the making of such a series a nice question must have arisen, as it arises in the perusal of the books, as to how and to what degree the element of criticism should be introduced. With reference to the life in the wilderness and on the frontier a very definite theory has been evolved as to its permanent bequest to American character, and the newer theory is quite in conflict with the older and more comfortable assumptions. In connection with industrial life a score of social questions arise of such a nature that a modern history in words is neither feasible nor significant except as a vehicle for a special economic and political interpretation; such an interpretation, for example, as Mr. Nock has just given to the career of Thomas Jefferson. Shall a pictorial pageant of American life take account of the general reappraisal of the American tradition which is currently being made?

An examination of these five volumes leaves the observer in doubt as to the editorial settlement of this question. Apparently the natural decision would be to make a pictorial presentation objective and impersonal, to make the assembled volumes resemble as nearly as possible the museum to which they are likened in the pamphlet of announcement. In that case the text would resemble the legends in the show cases and no synthetic treatment at all would be attempted,

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or if more than the legend scale were undertaken, the intent of the text would not be altered. But in reading the announcement, the inquirer finds that claim is laid to two chief features of the series: that it is a new aid to the teacher, and a fresh inculcator of patriotism.

One looks again; and this time comes reluctantly to the conclusion that the pageant is of the sort that is calculated not to disturb the mind of youth with any insistent questionings. The section on the American farm, in Toilers on Land and Sea, for instance, opens stimulatingly. There is much on the farmer's discontent in the early portion, on the rise of the Grange, on the campaign of 1896 and the decline of populism. The trail seems to be getting warm for the contemporary chapter, but fades out with a somewhat complacent allusion to the wane of the Non-Partisan League, and with pictures and comments on rural schools, farm pageants and agrarian orthodoxy. One would gather that peace and contentment reigned, and that the malcontent had learned the error of his ways. In contrast to this the section on organized labor in industry in The Epic of Industry, although baffling in its chronological advances and retreats, and concluded with an obscuring flourish of Blashfield mural paintings, is more genuinely detached in its discussion. From which one gathers that there has been no specific decision as to policies or points of view, and that the editor, who contributed the volume on the Toilers, is a safe and sane book-maker.

The work as a whole is an alluring one. It ought to be and doubtless will be in all reference libraries that can afford it. Its direct objective values are considerable. Much genuine information will be gained from it, and thousands of lazy-minded people will use it in lazy ways, as people have always used "picture-books."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Population Problems

Population Problems in the United States and Canada: edited by Louis I. Dublin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 318 pages. $4.

WHENEVER doubtful hypotheses of science are used to solve controversial problems of daily life, the friends of life and science alike have cause for uneasiness. Examples of this are to be found in recent interference with practical politics by Nordic race theorists and the wilder eugenists. In the same way, nearly every idea, reactionary or progressive, it does not matter which, can be supported by false assumptions from the biology and economics of population.

Since therefore there are many signs that the man in the street is about to take a wider interest in population problems than heretofore, and to form opinions, or rather have his opinions formed for him, on many dangerous and technical questions, it is essential that good studies for the non-specialist should appear at once. The flood of partisan special pleadings is certainly on its way and we cannot be too quick in erecting a dam of common sense over against its arrival.

Just such a sensible book is the one edited by Doctor Dublin, the outgrowth of papers presented before the American Statistical Association. Probably many of the chapters will have to be revised some day, but that is because our knowledge will increase, not because the writers are malicious. With some of them some of their readers will not agree; the editor, for example, has lately written an article in the Atlantic Monthly which caused much pain to neo-Malthusians, as did his attack at the annual conference of the neo-Malthusian Society last year: but in this volume he shows himself the brilliant statistician which he is, and also an able editor, who has endeavored, in his own words, without bias, to present all sides of the question, making no attempt to reconcile differences of opinion.

In his introduction the editor strikes a note of realism with regard to birth control which is particularly welcome seeing that governments and certain religious lights pretend that the practice can be frowned or ignored out of existence. Birth control, he says, is already a principal factor in vital statistics and will become even more so, nevertheless artificial limitation will not in itself solve all or even most population problems. Indeed, not the least valuable uses of this book will be to convince many people that population problems are very much wider in their nature than the concentration upon this one aspect leads many to believe. Let us look at some of these problems.

Professor Reuter deals with population growth in the United States and points out several fallacies which are commonly held by people who have insufficient statistical training to read figures aright. Dr. W. S. Thompson considers the effect of town and country life, of prosperity, of social milieu generally on the natural increase of population and his main conclusions are that the rate of natural increase in the United States is higher than that of most parts of the world, but that standards of living will not deteriorate for at least fifty years, provided immigration is checked; that improved standards of living are largely due to family limitation and that "it remains a serious question whether our present urban-industrial civilization can be so modified that family life will be given a place in it or whether it will turn and destroy its creators."

Prof. Hornell Hart also attacks the problem of urban populations and their growth at the expense of rural life, and suggests that this growth will decline. Professor Wolfe discusses the optimum size of population, a most important subject, for in many minds the question of how big a population can possibly be maintained swamps the far more important question of the best size of population for the happiness of both individual and community. Here we have some excellent warning against neglecting the non-economic factors in the problem: "one can read the Essay (on Population) from cover to cover without encountering a passage which indicates that Malthus ever thought that women have anything to do with population. Much the same blindness still persists; it is a fault of population theory that it is man-made"; the concept of a *best* population is individualistic, it falls foul of militarist and commercial theories, but in spite of "ecclesiastical policy, commercial avarice and militaristic illusion" it has come to stay. Perhaps this is the wisest chapter in the book; certainly it is the most controversial.

Population and agriculture on the one hand and mineral resources on the other are dealt with by three experts who agree in warning their readers that the United States will reach a saturation point within ascertainable time.

Professor Fairchild's essay on the racial composition of American population is as inconclusive as the facts demand and Doctor Hrdlicka, the famous anthropologist, gives a technical summary of the effects of immigration upon the American stock. In this section three other chapters are devoted to problems of immigration while in the next Mr. George Soule and Mr. Bryce M. Stewart attack the same problem from different angles: the seven writers between them present a good picture of the complexity which characterizes the whole question. The effects of the employment

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of women and children, of the health movement, and of family allowance systems introduce us to further complicated questions, while in a final chapter Professor Macluer discusses several controversial points about differential birth rates as well as the dangers of declining death rates, in which he is often at variance with other writers in the book.

It remains only to say that this is the fifth publication of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research and that it is probably the best introduction to American population problems as yet available. Nevertheless one criticism ought to be made: it is perfectly true, as Professor Wolfe says, that "there is evidence that the workers, even the scientists, no longer regard the Malthusian warning as a mere subterfuge of exploitative capitalism"; but there is still a body of able opinion which maintains that improvements in production and distribution of food and necessities could bring about such economies in raw material and labor that the saturation point would recede to an indefinitely distant future; in other words that a sensible economic system, instead of the present anarchistic system of capitalism, would destroy the validity of the "Malthusian warning." Whether this is right or wrong, it would have rounded off the book to have allowed one of its supporters to speak, especially as the opposite point of view, correct or not, is often too readily accepted as a cloak by the naturally reactionary mind.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

To Hellenism—3 Miles

The Heritage of Greece and the Legacy of Rome, by E. B. Osborn. New York: George H. Doran Company. 192 pages. $1.25.

Hellas, by Georg Brandes. Translated by Jacob W. Hartmann. New York: Adelphi Company. 219 pages. $2.50.

Imperial Rome, by Martin P. Nilsson. Translated by the Rev. G. C. Richards. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 376 pages. $5.

THESE three books are not intended for the specialist. They pretend to some originality of treatment perhaps but offer no new facts and no new interpretations of old facts. As Gilbert Murray observes, however, it is well for the world from time to time to steep itself again in Hellenism, and two of these volumes at least may stimulate intelligent readers unversed in the classics to turn—or return—to the ancient world for fresh interpretations of ageless problems.

Mr. Osborn's little book is especially well designed for this purpose. Less ambitious in design and scope than Livingstone's Greek Genius, Bailey's Legacy of Rome, or the many volumes written by specialists in the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome, it attempts to cull from Greek and Roman contributions to literature, history, science, philosophy and the drama only the more significant and enduring achievements. These are unobtrusively but suggestively brought into relation with our own times. The tone, never pedantic or raucous with the over-statements so apt to characterize propagandist literature in this field, is warm, mellow and urbane—as was to be expected in the work of a literary editor of the Morning Post who is also an appreciative lover of the humanities. He is under the spell of Hellas himself and gently lures the reader back with him to those glamorous days "when men first awoke to the meaning of truth and beauty and saw the world freely as a new thing."

To turn from Mr. Osborn's book to Mr. Brandes's is like leaving the room of the Maidens in the Acropolis Museum for that of the Hekatompedon Typhon. After the heavy hand of the octogenarian Dane and his heavier pen, rendered elephantine in translation, have pawed over the Greek spirit, not even its perfume remains. Here there is little matter and no manner, merely a would-be provocative array of detail tossed upon the page at random. The fallacies of environmental determinism at the beginning of the book give way toward the end to the prejudices of an ardent opponent of Venizelos and the Allies; between are questionable and usually negligible opinions concerning moot points in Homer and Xenophon. Mr. Brandes, however, also sends one back to one's Greek authors—for antidotes.

Nilsson's Imperial Rome, although designed primarily for the layman, will be welcomed by more exigent readers as a safe and sane treatment of the subject. The author states that his main purpose is to examine the internal condition of the Empire from the social, economic and cultural points of view, but as he includes a survey of men and events, a chronological table, an excellent map and many full-page illustrations, his book becomes a convenient and fairly comprehensive history of the Roman Empire. One misses the arresting hazards and heresies of the "new history," one wonders a bit impertinently why an Oxford translation of a Swedish original should be imported into America, one expects some citations of sources (there is not a single footnote and no bibliography), but one is glad enough to have at hand so conservative, reliable and well indexed a volume.

GRACE FRANK.

Why We Behave

Complacency, the Foundation of Human Behavior, by Robert Bruce Raup. New York: The Macmillan Company. 201 pages. $2.

Biological Memory, by Eugenio Rignano. Translated by E. W. MacBride. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 253 pages. $3.50.

WHAT happens to me and in me when, upon leaving a restaurant, I find that a stranger has taken my hat from its peg and left in its place his own outworn and shabby headgear? This is the starting point of Mr. Raup's argument; but before he finishes he has taken us back to the apparently aimless spontaneity of an amœba stretching its pseudopodia and performing the amœboid equivalent of a yawn after a quiet nap. Indeed, he goes still further back to the smoothly equilibrated purr of the mechanism of a ship that has found herself and to the cosmic harmony of the celestial spheres.

To show that human contentment, typified by the author's satisfaction when he has safely recovered his own hat and restored the stranger's shabby one to its proper headpiece, that most animal behavior, typified by those reactions that restore well-being after untoward experiences, and that all mechanical systems in which matter and energy are juggled about in orderly ways resulting in more or less stable equilibrium—to show that these are all manifestations of a single universal law of nature is the author's purpose. And it must be granted that this large order is quite satisfactorily filled.

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forces tend to maintain systems in equilibrium and when the equilibrium is disturbed there is readjustment until a new balance is attained. This is the way events happen in nature. The large section of Mr. Raup's book devoted to the exposition and illustration of this principle may be passed over by the scientifically trained reader. To others it may serve a useful purpose.

It is not so generally understood that vital processes follow the same rule. And yet nothing in biology is better established. The living body is an equilibrated system as truly as is a gyroscope. The energy and the material all come from the outside, but the pattern of the performance is largely determined by the internal structure of the mechanism. When the vital balance is disturbed by any external or internal event the resulting readjustment makes up the largest part of the process of living. The apparatus employed in this readjustment is in part well known and the author makes good use of this knowledge, particularly of the physiological gradients and mechanisms of dominance and subordination of parts as elaborated by Professor Child.

It seems like a far cry from these physiological adjustments to human complacency as the result of a conscious adjustment; but the idea of their relationship is not new. The late C. L. Herrick and others many years ago laid the foundation for the present argument in an "equilibrium theory of consciousness." Once we recognize that our conscious acts are functions of our bodies with nothing mystical or esoteric about them, then it is evident that thinking, feeling and willing are all of a piece with the other modes of organic readjustment to situations as they arise; and complacency, or the satisfaction resulting from a successful adjustment, is seen as a special case of equilibrium restored. This is the author's thesis, and from it there follows, as he points out, great simplification of many problems of philosophy, psychology, education and practical getting on in the world.

Raup's predilection for discussing inorganic and vital equilibrium with psychological terminology seems to be based in part on Rignano's works and in particular on his treatment of memory as a vital function. Rignano has fabricated his treatment of biological memory on the basis of speculative and controversial general principles which most biologists find more interesting than convincing. Indeed, his critics and commentators generally interpret his arguments as supporting vitalistic or other mystical philosophies of nature. But this perhaps is hardly fair to Rignano, for his present treatment of biological memory and psychological memory is thoroughly naturalistic and his conclusions can be accepted without subscribing to the ingenious theory of centro-epigenesis upon which they are grafted.

There is no difficulty in recognizing the genetic relationship of conscious memory, physiological habit, and biological adaptiveness in general, if only we carry a radically behavioristic and functional interpretation of the observed data through to its finish. If our minds are really functions of our bodies, as the biological evidence shows unequivocally to be the case, then mind has nothing more magical or metaphysical about it than has muscular contraction and it is just as real and as approachable a phenomenon. What we require is, in both cases, an adequate scientific technique for the study of the phenomena as they are experienced.

Good progress has been made in this direction, but unfortunately most students of human behavior limit themselves to either objective or subjective approaches to the problem. When objective psychology and introspective psychology converge their efforts and recognize that the data of each are of value to the other, new methods of approach are sure to be developed. The essential unity of the vital processes—all of them—is clear enough practically. And works like these of Raup and Rignano serve a good purpose in bringing this to the fore. That we think with our bodies is evident. What we want to know is, how we do it. This is an approachable problem which will not be solved by studying mind as disembodied spirit or by dropping introspective experience out of science into mysticism.

C. Judson Herrick.

The New Men of Letters

Herman Melville, by John Freeman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 200 pages. $1.25.

Swinburne, by Harold Nicolson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 207 pages. $1.25.

THE new English Men of Letters series opens with a study of Herman Melville, by John Freeman. This is, with the exception of Hawthorne's, the first American name to appear in the long roster of the dead.

Herman Melville was the product of a period of adventurous seamanship which closely parallels, in many ways, that of Elizabethan England; the very cast of his mind brought him closer to dramatists like Webster and Marlowe, with their black and powerful imaginations, than it did to the novelists of his own century, who were all, save perhaps the Brontës, the truly begotten issue of the prosy and philistine Defoe. Melville was, in fact, an Ishmael among the Thackerays, Trollopes and Dickenses of his day: he knew that if one drew away from the fire, and peeped through the thick hangings that kept the Victorian parlor cosy, one would see night and infinity and the cold light of ancient stars. He had faced the sea, the sky, and time, and naked people who, living, merely lived: he came back from the South Seas no longer fit for a world of carpets, alarm clocks, and mannikins who deceived themselves into thinking that the poor ritual of current business and politics marked a "milestone on the grand road of human progress." Melville did not merely turn away from the contemporary fact, like the romantics: his mind moved beyond the human convention, into the realms of religion. Time, fate, eternity, destiny, and what it is to be a man, afloat in solitude, and an outcast from the miniature works of the shop and the drawing room—these were the things that Melville faced. Facing them, he became great; and in Moby Dick wrote perhaps the only epic of the nineteenth century; leaving all these insights behind him, and seeing the littleness of the life around him, Melville became sardonic and silently contemptuous. It was not rheumatism nor financial difficulty that turned him into a customs inspector: it was the pride of Captain Ahab himself. To seek a busier life would have been to acknowledge the worth of something that was essentially foreign to his vision and experience.

Mr. Freeman, plainly, has a large subject; and he comes near to doing justice to it. His appreciation of Melville's lesser writings is particularly good; and though he is careful not to build a card-house of rumor and conjecture, he sees the significance of Pierre, the one novel of Melville's that, speaking of sex at all, deals with the incest theme,

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and turns a pure and intense passion into a desperate frustration, a mood in which the hero is ready to proclaim that his strictest virtue may have become a most monstrous vice. Mr. Freeman is patient, too, with Melville's weaknesses, whereas the ordinary reader, who likes to have the ore brought to the surface quickly, is tempted to throw aside rich veins like Mardi, because of all the flint and débris that block the approach. Properly, Mr. Freeman's theme reaches its climax in Moby Dick, for that is in every sense Melville's central work; but the critic's interest in Melville is so well sustained that he revives for us Billy Budd, the final novel which Melville wrote after years of silence, and shows us the author himself, if no longer with the reach of Moby Dick, still with the same gesture and grasp, meditating on man's tragic destiny, and seeking the tokens of that destiny in the humblest personality.

Mr. Harold Nicolson, in his study of Swinburne, begins with a chapter of apology, and never quite sustains in his own mind the conviction that Swinburne is worth writing about. That the critic who has, in a sort, restored Tennyson to the present generation should feel cool toward the poet whose meaning, for his own age, was as a counterblast and a protest against Tennysonianism, the poet who supplanted the lilies and languors of Tennyson's virtue with the roses and raptures of a rather earnest and painstaking vice—that Mr. Nicolson should fail to do Swinburne justice, or what is worse, should do him justice only too wisely, is perhaps to be expected. Mr. Nicolson, following Sir Edmund Gosse, believes that Swinburne, after his nonage, never grew or continued to absorb new experience; that he was always an emotional adolescent, clinging to the memories that had made a sharp impression on him during his youth, worshiping the things he then learned to admire—Elizabethan drama and Hugo and political revolution—and hating, quite irrationally, the things that then awakened his animosity, like Napoleon III and Hazlitt. "The real essence of his genius," for Mr. Nicolson, "is his exquisitely sensitive adjustment to the tension between these two impulses, between what psychologists would call 'the instinct of self-assertion' and 'the instinct of self-abasement.' "

For all this there is something to be said; but one could wish Mr. Nicolson had managed to hang his thesis upon a somewhat more subtle psychological formula, or, failing that, that he should have gone a little further and made a feint at explaining how it came about that Swinburne should have become opaque to externalities at such an early period of youth. One would like, for example, to know what Swinburne's musical experiences were, and how far his monotony of pattern was due to an emotional fixation which caused him to convert every nascent feeling or impulse into a curious musical dialect, with monotonous intervals, a deadly alliteration, and a too inevitable verbal antithesis. What was Swinburne's literary relation to Poe, directly or through Baudelaire? Was there perhaps some common origin for their specific literary defects? Neither Gosse nor Nicolson goes into these matters: but once the critic resorts to psychological criticism, one cannot let him off with such puerile generalities as the adjustment of tension between revolt and worship. If Swinburne's poetry is important, it is much more than that; and if the poetry is interesting only as a psychal symptom, it must lead to a deeper kind of appraisal.

I do not reproach Mr. Nicolson for his failure to set Swinburne on a high pedestal. Swinburne wrote a handful of poems which will remain among the glories of the language, and he had the misfortune to write these poems over and over again. This was not merely the hardening and fixation of age: one notes it in the first series of poems and ballads: certain themes and melodies echo from poem to poem, like thunder hemmed in by a pocket of mountains. As a scholar, in the pathetic thirty years of retirement at Putney, Swinburne produced works of uneven value, which may properly be left for the most part to the specialists to sift out and preserve; but as the raiser of the banner of liberty, as the whimsical figure who conducted Priapus into the petticoated solemnities of the Victorian parlor, Swinburne has come to share the fate of Byron: one thinks of him less as a poet than as an historical figure. The fact that Georg Brandes set Swinburne at the summit of English poetry does not lessen one's suspicion of Swinburne's greatness: it was not their verse but their emotional libertarianism that made Swinburne and Byron so grateful to the continental ear, deaf to the more intimate notes of a foreign tongue. At the same time, it seems to me that Mr. Nicolson falls a little too easily into the Victorian reproach against Swinburne's more erotic verses. They are by no means his worst; and if they are weak, it is not because "they are based on an experience which is neither permanent nor general" but because they are afflicted with an all-too-Victorian sentimentality, which vapored out, finally, into the passions and pomegranates of Wilde. It was not the Villon, whom he imitated, that spoiled Swinburne, but the Tennyson who, for all his loud defiances, he could not avoid.

Ecstatic, copious, vehement, and, within his limitations, marvelously skilled, there was yet something lacking in Swinburne; he remained to the end a demonic prodigy, rather than a fully mature man. He knew that the wind was sharp and the ocean salt and that no life lives forever; and try as he would, he could learn no more: death found him like a precocious child, still immersed in his books.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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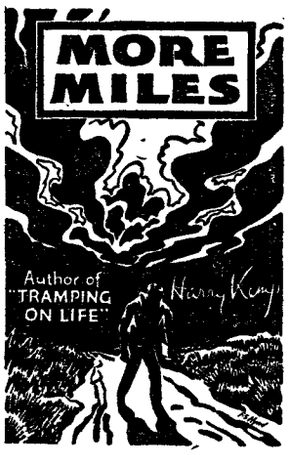

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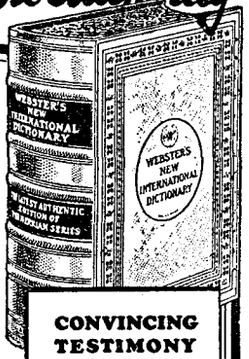
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